

Selling Wall Paper

And selling it plentifully, too; but we are not selling it at cost. Nor are we selling it "way below cost." That is not what we are in business for; and, besides, we don't have to, in order to meet any competition in this market.

We think we are selling all papers as low as anybody, and we know we are selling many papers less than everybody.

We are willing to leave it to the decision of wall paper buyers, if we are not showing the largest, finest line of wall paper in this market.

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

IT IS A FACT!

S. S. DODGE,

LEADING JEWELER,
Carries the Largest and Finest Assortment of

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

Silverware.

And Sells at Lowest Cash Prices
Corner Hennepin-ave and Main-st.



G. O. WENDEL, FOR SALE

All Grades of Watches on hand.



A nice, 7-room brick house. Good barn, two cisterns, orchard, and whole block of land, situated in North Dixon. Price \$2,300. A bargain.

The fine, double-house property of Miss Ada Bossemeyer, corner Third street and College avenue. Price, \$4,200. Will pay 10 per cent on investment.

Desirable property for sale in all parts of the city.

F. E. WRIGHT,

Brown's Building, corner Galena Avenue and First street.

SPORTING GOODS

A COMPLETE LINE OF

FISHING TACKLE!

—AT—

Kennedy & Bowman's.

FOR SALE!

MAPLE PARK.

Now is the time to buy lots, before the price will advance 50 per cent. I have 100 very choice lots on First, Second, Third and Sherman avenues. Sidewalk to lots. We expect street cars soon. The

STREETS WILL BE MACADAMIZED.

West Dixon will be the place to live. Come early to get your first pick. They will be sold cheap to parties wanting to build.

J. H. CLARK

Corner Sherman Ave. and Fourth St.

North Side Graduates.

The graduating class at the North Side High School numbers nineteen, which is a large class for that school to graduate. Mamie O. Downing is the Valedictorian, and Lucia E. Pratt Salutatorian. The other members of the class we give as follows: Grace E. Miller, Nellie E. Thomas, Anna M. Baldwin, Nellie I. Goodrich, Cassie M. Jordan, Belle A. Holly, Gertrude A. Cavanaugh, Grace J. Cavanaugh, Grace E. Hoon, Charlotte O. Heavens, Julia D. Peacock, Nellie M. Decker, George Downing, Percy A. Smith, Roy E. Swigart, Rodney M. Ayres, and Elwyn Johnson.

—Up to the hour of going to press, about 210 votes were cast at the South Side election, of which 35 were ladies.

They Will Do It.

Two women went shopping in the windy city at Chicago, when the sun went down. Each thought of a color to her most pretty. For a new spring hat or a dancing gown, And had it sent home on the morrow. And each for the man she loved did buy A wild and terrible patterned tie That each man wore in sorrow. For women must buy and men must wear, Though the style is enough to curl one's hair Or trouble dire to borrow.

A nice thing in Easter veils—a pretty college girls' face.

The person suffers most from her beliefs, is she who thinks she can wear a new number three shoe on a number five foot at church to-morrow.

Lord Schweinforth's "Heaven," up near Rockford, has a strong resemblance to the other place, according to recent accounts THE TELEGRAPH receives from there.

Wall Paper at Cost

—We offer our entire—

SPRING STOCK

Wall Paper and Borders

—FOR—

THIRTY DAYS AT COST

WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY. No deviation whatever. One price to everybody. Every home can be beautified for next to nothing. Call and be convinced.

TILLSON & HAYDEN.

—Jesse P. Ludewick is home from Pane County.

—Wm. Starr, barber, is now with Geo. Leonard under City National Bank.

—William McBride starts Monday on a business trip of two weeks duration.

—Mr and Mrs J. Albert Hess have gone to Albany, Wisconsin, to spend Easter.

—Mrs. Johnson, of Palmyra, has been visiting at the Chester Badger home in Amboy.

—Miss M. J. Gannon, of Chicago, is visiting with her cousin, Miss Margaret Gannon, in this city.

—Mrs. Denny, nee Miss Jessie Lawrence, is out from Chicago on a visit with Miss Laura Hawley.

—Henry Todd is preparing the Swartwout residence on North Galena avenue for a home for himself and bride.

—Warren Springer and M. S. Gregory, of Chicago, are in this city to spend Easter; guests at the Ingraham residence.

—General T. J. Henderson, member of Congress, sent quite a wagon load of books to the Dixon Hose Company library this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. Coleman give a reception this evening to the ushers and others who took part in their wedding one year ago.

—Miss Olive Green, who has been visiting in this city with her cousin, Miss Emma McAllister, has returned to her home in Morrison.

—There was an impromptu party at Mrs. H. E. Paine's home last night. Neighbors called in an unusual number and had a delightful time.

—C. A. Lucas received a Victor pneumatic safety bicycle this morning by express from A. S. Spaulding, of Chicago. The wheel is for H. H. Treffer, the contractor.

—I. D. Appleford & Son have just signed a contract with S. Beard, of Polo, to put into his residence, the Spencer System of hot water heating, at a cost of about \$550.

—The young lads in North Dixon who yesterday afternoon stole eggs from a hen house above the Ill. Cent. R. R. track had better not repeat the performance as they are known.

—Prof. Smith's orchestra rehearsal at T. J. Miller's store last evening drew a large crowd of listeners to that end of First street. It is the finest orchestra ever organized in Dixon.

—Court Dixon No. 189, Independent Order of Foresters, will all next week entertain you at the Armory Hall with a grand carnival and dance. Henderson Shoe Factory Band will give a concert on the streets each evening.

—H. S. McCourt, of Cherokee, Iowa where he has held the position of train master, has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Jno. C. Jacobs and to day assumed the duties of Division Supt. of the Ill. Cent. with his office at Amboy.

—Joseph Reilly has gone to Chicago to prepare a home there for his wife and son; they to follow in a few weeks. They have sold their home on Hennepin avenue to Mrs. Reilly's father, James Creed, who, with his family, has moved down from Grand Detour to make Dixon their home.

—The Vespera Society of the College, will give the following program at their meeting this evening:

1. Violin Solo..... H. Moore
2. Oration..... P. D. Clear
3. Banjo Solo..... Mrs. W. F. Strong
4. Recitation..... Miss Geeding
5. Recitation..... E. A. Armstrong
6. Piano Solo..... Miss Ulen
7. Recitation..... Maude Miller
8. Guitar Duet..... Misses Mills and Crawford
9. Recitation..... Miss Sonleitner

These meetings are very enjoyable and there is considerable rivalry between the two societies as to which shall give the better programs. Anyone that enjoys meetings of this kind will be pleasantly entertained at the College this evening.

—There was a rumor current on our streets this morning to the effect that the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co. contemplates extending their line to this city at no distant date. It has long been an open secret that the above mentioned company was desirous of gaining a foothold in the city of Rockford, and it is certain that the extension of their line through this city would be the easiest and best way to reach the desired haven. It is only a question of time when the business of the manufacturers will require more railroad facilities, and the scheme resolves itself into the simple question. Can the company secure the right of way? A representative of THE TELEGRAPH interviewed several of the prominent business men this morning and they one and all agreed with Hamlet that 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. Railroads can make or break a city, but it is a plausible supposition that the advent of another railroad would do much to build up Dixon. Manufacturers want railroad facilities and they will not establish a business in a city that is not blessed with them, and if we expect Dixon to grow we must be liberal and provide its inhabitants with adequate means of communicating with the outside world. "If 'tis good to be done, 'twere best 'twere done quickly."

Important Decision.

The People ex. rel. vs. Modern Woodmen of America, et. al.

This suit was commenced by the Attorney General in January, 1890, in the Whiteside county circuit court against the M. W. A. and its principal officers to remove them from office on the grounds of malfeasance in office and to have the corporation put into the hands of a receiver. Judge Brown, who was then Judge of that court, refused to appoint a receiver, and the case was referred to the Master, before whom several thousand typewritten pages of testimony were taken and reported to the court.

The final hearing of the case was before Judge Cartwright who decided this morning that a court had no power to render any judgement or decree of removal from office or of disqualification to hold any such office or disqualification hereafter to hold any such office, because the terms of said officers had expired more than a year ago by limitation of law and none of these persons were now claiming in a right to hold any of said offices. The court also held that Dr. P. L. McKinnie and the other individual defendants should pay the costs of this suit because they had allowed one Dr. Kennedy, who had formerly been an officer of the Woodmen, several hundred dollars more than his salary, which the court held was evidently done in good faith on the part of the officers but without legal right; and also because one of the reports made to the State Auditor was not filed within the time prescribed by statute, nor made according to the requirements of the laws of this state.

South Side Graduates.

The following young ladies and gentlemen will graduate from the South side High school this spring: Gertrude Orvis, May Ruef, Eva Franklin, Emma McAllister, Eva McKenney, Florence Gantz, Nellie Geiger, Lu Hunt, Kitty Lennon, Clayton Ingraham, Judd Potter, Theodore Klossowski, Barry Lennon. The class officers have not as yet been chosen and in all probability will not be until next month.

St. Luke's Easter Music.

Hymn, "Christ the Lord is Risen," 98.
Christ Our Passover..... Holden,
Gloria..... Gregorian
Te Deum..... Kramer
Jubilant Deo..... Norris
Hy mn, "Angels Roll the Rock Away," 101.
Gloria Tibi..... Tuckerman
Hy mn, "The Day of Resurrection," 105.
Anthem, "He is Risen," The Parish Choir
Doxology.
Eucharistic Hymn..... 207.
Gloria in Excelsis..... 406.

—Judge Cartwright has returned home.

—D. Roy Bowlby is here from Rock Island.

—O. Burbank, of Polo, is in this city to-day on business.

—Judge Crabtree is home from Oregon to spend Sunday with his family.

—Attorney J. W. Watts is in Amboy to day on important legal business.

—Every lady who has not a new hat for to-morrow hopes for a rainstorm.

—P. W. Drenner, of Pine Creek, is making his semi-annual visit to Dixon.

—The snipe hunting party of yesterday bagged forty-two of the fleet-winged birds.

—I. C. Smith, of Chicago, will spend Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. J. A. Yates.

—O. F. Cady will address the Y. M. C. A. to-morrow afternoon on Easter observances.

—Mrs. George Dietterich and children are visiting with relatives and friends in Aurora.

—The steamer McKinley Bill has been gaily plowing the waters of Rock river all day to-day.

—Prof. J. B. Dille and Messrs. C. W. and E. H. Brewster are in the swamps to-day after snipe.

—M. rs. S. A. Kilburn, wife of Manager Kilburn of the telephone exchange, is visiting in Rockford.

—Miss Maggie Meeks, of Mrs. James Brady's dressmaking parlors, will spend Sunday at her home in Eldena.

—L. B. Wilson and John L. Grove, the real estate kings, will spend Sunday at their homes in Gibson City, this state.

—L. B. Wilson sold yesterday six hundred and forty acres of Inlet Swamp land to Wm. Voelpel and Joseph Yentes.

—Our local fishermen are to-day trying if the water in the river has settled sufficiently to allow the fish to see the bait.

—Do not forget the meeting of all old and new members of the Dixon Hose Company at Fireman's Hall Monday evening.

—Thos. P. Long, down in Harmon, was appointed township treasurer in place of John L. Porter whose term expired. Mr. Porter has held the office a score or so of years.

—Judge Shaw adjourned court this morning and went to his home at Mt. Carroll. On Monday he will attend to some court business in Freeport and will open court here again Tuesday morning.

Spring of 1892.

We are now prepared to show the choicest and best selected line of wall paper and ceiling decorations ever opened in the city. Our stock embraces a full line, from the cheap papers to the finest gills and lustrous, and at prices so low that everybody can afford to buy. Give us a call. No trouble to show goods.

W. D. DUFFIN,
Registered Druggist,
Dixon, Ill.

3d door north of Post Office.

For Sale.

The beautiful new modern house and lot owned and occupied by Mr. George Dee. No pains nor expense have been spared to make this a delightful home, and the location near the depot, the college, and the business part of the city, makes it very desirable, and any one wanting such a home can secure it for less than it can be built for and be saved the trouble and annoyance of building. Come and look it over.

Also the steamer, "McKinley Bill." This will be a great season for Dixon and the little steamer will make money.

A nice new residence on Boyd street, North Dixon. A very desirable location and price low.

Houses and lots and vacant property in all parts of the city.

Do not forget that Highland Park lots are very desirable and will make money for investors.

C. H. HUGHES,
Schuler Building.

LOTS FOR SALE

First street, 50x150 feet..... \$425
Vanburen avenue, 50x140 feet..... 365
Fourth street, 50x100..... 385
Hennepin avenue, 75x150 feet..... 700

HOUSES FOR SALE.

Vanburen avenue..... \$ 700
Galena avenue..... 2600
Chamberlain street..... 1500
North Peoria street..... 1050
Near Milk Factory..... 1250
"..... 1450
"..... 725

GEO. C. LOVELAND.

To the Citizens of Dixon and Vicinity:

Having purchased the meat market heretofore known as the Smith & Goodrich Market, we are selling the

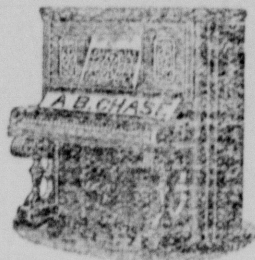
BEST MEAT

that the Chicago market affords, and our aim is to please our customers. All orders promptly delivered. We solicit your patronage.

Yours Respectfully,

JACKSON & BAUM.
61 West First Street.

PIANOS AND ORGANS



For Sale on Monthly Payment

—PLAN—

Large Stock to Select From.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
For Rent at T. J. Miller's Music Store,
11 East First Street.

CARRIAGES.

PAUL G. LORD,
Deals in Reliable Work
Twenty years' experience
COSTS YOU NOTHING.

CARRIAGES.

Easter Egg Dyes!

Four Colors for

FIVE CENTS.

D. S. HORTON.

O. H. BROWN'S

EASTER OFFERING

—OF—

SPRING JACKETS

FOR ONE DAY ONLY, SATURDAY NEXT.

100 TO BE SOLD, WORTH \$7.25

—EACH FOR—

\$4.49

COLORS:
BLACK, NAVY,
AND LIGHT SHADES.

BARGAINS.

Best Granulated Sugar, 22 pounds for \$1.00
Good Evaporated Apples, 15 pounds for \$1.00
Good Evaporated Peaches, 13 pounds for \$1.00
McLaughlin's xxxx Coffee, 19 cents a pound.
Contenax Pure Olive Oil, 70c a quart.
Contenax Pure Olive Oil, 40c a pint.
Good Lemons, 15c a dozen.

—AT—

J. H. MORRIS & SON.

117 Galena Avenue.

To Those Intending to Build

Much attention is now given to the ORNAMENTAL HARDWARE in buildings. Many owners prefer to exercise their own taste in the selection of the trimmings of the doors and windows of the houses they intend to build. To aid such, we have samples of the Locks, Knobs, etc. which we keep in stock, mounted to show how they appear in actual use. We have many new and beautiful designs. You can select your own locks and pay for them yourself, or have them specified in your contract. We will be pleased to show them to you.

Alexander & Howell.

The Thrifty Man's Angel, OPPORTUNITY

Does not often knock at your doors with such a message as we offer this week. Observe the following:

12 CANS EGG PLUMS FOR \$1.60
12 CANS GREEN GAGES FOR \$1.60
12 Cans Standard Blackberries for 90

All our Canned Goods are guaranteed Full Standard.
No seconds or slack fills.

I. B. COUNTRYMAN.



CITY NATIONAL BANK.
SAMUEL C. BELLS, Pres.
J. W. CHAFFORD, Vice-Pres.
LEONARD ANDRUS, Cashier.
CHAS. E. CHANDLER, Asst. Cash.
This bank is fully equipped to take care of its customers. Its safety deposit vaults and boxes should be patronized by everybody who desires absolute security for their valuable papers, jewelry, etc.

C. McBride,
PAINTS everything. Floors, ceilings, signs, houses—outside and inside. Wall papering done quickly and well. 161 Dixon avenue.

J. W. STEPHENS,
DENTIST, has practiced in Dixon 24 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices moderate. Office—Corner Main and Galena Ave.

F. E. MORRIS,
DENTIST. All work warranted first-class. 700 E. G. Loring, 119 Galena St.

L. J. POLLOCK,
DENTIST, Opera Block, established in Dixon eleven years. Full set of best teeth \$8.00; extracting \$2.50. All fillings and operations much lower than present prices.

James B. Charters,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Insurance agent, loans and collections. Office, room No. 6, Countryman's block, Dixon, Ill.

FOR SALE
TYPEWRITER (Caligraph) at a bargain. Must sell in next few days. 61-41 A. H. BEAVER, College.

LOT No. 82 in Fargo Addition. MARGARET L. GRAHAM, Cor. Peoria and Water St. N. Dixon, Ill. 50-41

RESIDENCE in North Dixon. J. F. SANFORD, 58-60-41

Sale going out of business. I offer for sale three fine road stations; all my brood mares and colts, and also all my stock; all my livestock stock, and also offer my barn for rent. 41-41-41 D. W. MCKENNEY, 41-41-41

PAIR WARNING! The last call! Another reduction at a great sacrifice. Will sell my magnificent residence, No. 352 West Third Street, Dixon, Ill., at the low figure of \$4,000. If taken before March 1, 1902, that being expiration of lease and will give possession at that time. Any one desiring this great bargain, should call at once upon Chas. H. Hughes or F. E. Wright, local agents. G. L. BOSSEMEYER, 3756 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

CHICAGO LAWN LOTS. Buy while the prices are way down. Easy terms or trade for a good house in Dixon. Prospectus and maps sent free. ROCKFORD SECURITY & INVESTMENT CO., S. Fletcher, Rockford, Minn., Rockford, Ill.

NEW 2-story dwelling house, 626 West Third Street; suitable for two families; corner lot. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to 711 CONRAD SALTZMAN, 711

WANTED.
YOUNG GIRL to help with housework. No washing and ironing. Apply at this office, or address "A," care of EVENING TELEGRAPH, 51-41

GIRL for general housework. Mrs. C. E. EBER, Galena and 3rd. 59

WOMAN to do house cleaning, also a man to assist in same. Mrs. Wm. BARGE, 59-41

YOUNG MAN of business ability to take charge of a branch of our business. Salary \$1,000 per year. \$50 to \$100 cash required. Address Hiram & Co., 510 Woolner Building, Peoria, Ill. 54-2w

EXPERIENCED girl for general housework. Good pay and no washing or ironing. Mrs. J. B. DILLIE, at College. 51-41

FOR RENT.
LARGE, 7-room house in good repair, on the main street, near milk factory. Geo. C. LOVELAND, 50-41

HOUSE, good lot and barn. Enquire corner Ottawa and 8th street. 54-41

NICELY furnished room, cheap. Inquire at 403 South Galena avenue. 46-1w

STORE. The store now occupied by Ripley & Long, No. 109 Galena Ave., will be for rent May 1st. Apply to F. F. DIXON, 54-41

ROOMS in the Telegraph building.

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS without board. 116 East Third St. 45-41

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS at 409 West Third St. 45-41

DRESSMAKING.
THOSE requiring dressmaking at their own house please call on Miss HATTIE MELLINGER, Corner Galena and Eighth St. 59-1w

PASTURE.
FOR COW. I have rented Loveland's timber pasture. Will pasture cows by the month. Can take cows in the morning and return them at night. EDWARD MORRIS, 57-1w

BEER.
In quart or pint bottles will be delivered to any part of the city from Keystone sample rooms. Telephone No. 74. 12-11

IF you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

COLUMBIA BARBER SHOP.
DON'T fail to call at the Columbia Barber Shop when in need of tonsorial work. Jno. Hett and Will Dryan, operators, 128 Galena avenue

NOTICE.
PARTIES desiring gardens or lots paved, will please leave orders at A. A. Ford's shoe store, or address 58-60-41 Z. F. EDWARDS, Dixon, Ill.

BARCAINS.
Four Chicago lots are still selling, and you can make money by buying of us. Write for maps, terms, etc. ROCKFORD SECURITY & INVESTMENT CO., 50-41 S. F. WYBURN, Mgr.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cabinets, \$3.00 per doz
Carre, 1.50 per doz
Cards, 1.50 per doz

Gallery and Studio
116 GALENA AVENUE.
DIXON, ILLINOIS

ONE RUSH IS OVER.

Six Thousand Settlers on the Sisseton Reservation.

A POOR PROSPECT FOR THE FILER.

The Squatter Being Boss of the Situation
—Some Incidents of the Break-Away—
Ida Burnett, a Descendant of the Sioux, Rides Straight for a Choice Quarter Section—At the Land Office—Three Thousand Dollars for a Place—Preparations for the Rush Next Tuesday.

SISSETON AGENCY, S. D., April 16.—The mad rush for Sisseton and Wahpeton lands is over, and while yesterday morning at 10 o'clock not a white man outside of the agency officials could be found on the great "flat iron" reservation, last night there were 6,000 people scattered over it from lake Kanapka on the south to Hankinson on the north. From the firing of the guns by members of the Eighth cavalry and Third infantry at noon to long after midnight the rush for lands was as vigorous a struggle for supremacy as was ever witnessed.

The Squatter Has the Call.
There was a great deal of ill-feeling in places, and in several instances boomers came to blows, but up to this writing not a death from violence has occurred. The entry was pretty evenly distributed through the northern and eastern borders. The squatter is monarch of all he surveys. The filer is literally out of the running. The man on the ground is the owner, and the squatter is on the ground. An Incident of the Rush.

During the rush yesterday one of the leaders in the town site scramble was a like-built fellow from Kansas City—"Kansas Jack," everybody called him. In the first 100 yards of the rush his pony sank one foot in a burrow, and the gentleman from Kansas landed in a bunch of buffalo grass twenty-five feet away. Rider and steed were on foot almost simultaneously, and in less than twenty-three seconds they were off again. A wagon laden with supplies stuck up to the hubs in the bottom.

They Couldn't Wait.
The driver howled wildly at the struggling horde. They made five or six convulsive efforts to clear the slough without avail. In an instant more the traces were cut, the two occupants of the wagon were mounted on the horses and away they went, leaving the supply wagon in the mire. Off to the southwest on the road toward Long Hollow a similar scene was being enacted. A large number of people had gone that way.

IDA BURNETT'S RIDE FOR LAND.

Possessed of Enough Indian Blood to Come Into an Allotment.

Ida Burnett, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, a strikingly handsome girl, is by this time the possessor of the choicest quarter section near the town site. She has just a suspicion of Indian blood in her veins, and is a descendant of the Sioux race. She has been allotted land on the reserve. Behind the fastest team obtainable she was drawn to the town site from the agency. The start was made at gunfire, and the girl was first on the field. She staked out her claim and went to work on the erection of a shanty, assisted by her driver.

Prepared to Maintain Order.

Governor Mellette had 250 deputy sheriffs on the reserve heavily armed and instructed to maintain order, peacefully, if possible, forcibly if necessary. They checked several rows before serious results ensued. Wells are being dug everywhere and all the squatters apparently intend to live on their land. In a couple of week breaking plows will be at work everywhere. There will be good lands open to settlement for weeks, as not half the land has been taken up.

Opening of the Land Office.

WATERTOWN, S. D., April 16.—The opening of the land office occurred without a slip. At exactly 12, Lee Stover, a local attorney, having purchased first place (he gave \$3,000 for it, so it is said), was admitted and filed one declaration. He offered 110 others, which were rejected. Most of the attorneys followed Stover's plan of tendering all of their declarations simultaneously but a few tendered only one or two and were found again in line at the bar.

A Preacher and a Woman in Front.

At Fargo 100 men slept in the corridors of the land office Thursday night. Exactly at noon yesterday the door was opened and the men admitted three at a time. The first was Rev. A. L. Van Horn, of the Baptist church of Fargo, who had held a place in the line for two days. The next in line was Miss Mary Vaughan, of Fargo, who filed on a homestead.

GETTING READY FOR THE OTHER.

Appointment of Officers for the New Indian Territory Counties.

GUTHRIE, O. T., April 16.—The governor was busy yesterday appointing fifty-four officers for the new counties, for which places he had 328 applications. The probable judges left last night for the county seats of their respective counties, where they will open headquarters and have charge of matters. They will be the only persons allowed on the town site outside of the troops until 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The official president's proclamation as published in the Oklahoma State Capital makes twenty-seven columns in five types.

Maps Doctored by Rascals.

An examination of the list of lands in the proclamation and comparison with the allotment maps sold here by the thousands show the maps to be a rank fraud. The maps show many claims of the finest land allotted to Indians when they were really open to settlement. The maps are evidently doctored in the interest of a class of speculators, who hope thus to keep the people off the choice lands and secure them themselves. Three times as many people as usual are coming in, but a large number are moving out and taking their positions along the line.

Sambo Is on Hand.

Scores of negroes are here, out on the line and arriving. One arrived yesterday astride of an old cow. While many of these negroes are poor, they are not destitute by any means. Thursday an old man and woman of that race trudged into this city from the east, each carrying a little bundle. They were over 60 years of age and had walked over from Mississippi, a distance of over 300 miles. Everybody supposed they were paupers, but after they had put up at a negro boarding house the old man went down in his trousers and the old lady into her stock-

ing, and together they produced \$400 which they deposited in a bank.

Gambler Reaping a Harvest.

The white settlers are also well fixed as a general thing, and \$100,000 has been deposited in the banks here, at El Reno and Kingfisher. Those who do not deposit stand a chance of being robbed. Also they are continually tempted to gamble. The gamblers have reaped a harvest for three or four days. One professional gambler from this city who has been operating at El Reno for a week cleared over \$5,000. Kansas City and Wichita have emptied all of the crooks into towns on the border of the reservation and the local officers are unable to cope with such a gang with any degree of success.

The Indian Grows Commercial.

The Cheyenne Indians have stopped their ghost dance and come in from their reservation in great numbers to see the crowds. It did not take them long to inhibit the commercial spirit of the occasion, and they are selling every horse they possess for a good round price and going home on foot. When a man remonstrated with an old chief for selling his horses, and told him he could not get along without them, the old fellow replied laconically: "Humph! Sell horse fifty dollars; horse kick, buck, no work for white man; buy him back in week for fifteen dollars; have big lot money left."

Negro Boomers Left in the Lurch.

LITTLE ROCK, April 16.—One hundred and fifty negro s, bound for Oklahoma, arrived at the north side Thursday morning and are now quartered there with prospects of remaining there for several days. These are the negroes who started from East Tennessee and Mississippi and Alabama several weeks ago. A colonization company agreed to carry them to Oklahoma at \$10 per head. They were conveyed by rail as far as St. Francis county, this state, where they were dumped off in the swamps. The negroes are in destitute circumstances, a large number of them having scarcely enough clothes to cover them. The negro churches and societies of Little Rock have been appealed to to aid them in reaching Oklahoma.

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

A Recent Vote in the House Opens Up a New Disposition.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The Record today will contain the concluding chapters of Henry George's book on "Protection or Free Trade," as Simpson (Farmer's Alliance) of Kansas intends to bring up the rear guard of the Democratic column and finish the citations from George's book. Following the example of the Democrats the Republicans will also publish copious extracts from tariff works. Millions of Maine will make copious extracts from the recent work "Plymouth Rock to McKinley."

The Record Will Be Pretty Full.

Editorial of Iowa will excerpt leading editorials from the New York Tribune, and South of Illinois will use such contributions as he may select from the American Economist. Others will probably swell The Record with extracts, and altogether The Congressional Record today will cover a myriad of opinions bearing on the tariff question.

Violates the Copyright Law.

Speaking of the publication of Henry George's book in the Record under a leave to print," Mr. Spofford, librarian of congress, who has charge of the copyright system of this country, said it was a peculiarly high-handed violation of the copyright law, and that if it was continued there would be trouble in all probability. If an author gave his consent to such publication the law was not affronted, but without such consent it would be a clear case of infringement, and he said that congressmen would do well to think twice before continuing it.

LOOKS DECIDEDLY LIKE WAR.

Russian Assassination and Intrigues Appear to Be Bearing Fruit.

VIENNA, April 16.—The gravest apprehensions have been aroused here by the announcement that Bulgaria has sent a note to the powers complaining that the sultan has ceased to protect Bulgaria's interests and that the Turkish government protects Russia's protégés who have entered upon a campaign of assassination against Bulgaria's public men, from Prince Ferdinand down. The note demands that Turkey be compelled to expel the assassins whom Russia supports on her soil. The note is supposed to be the precursor of a proclamation of Bulgaria's independence from Turkey, and such a proclamation would inevitably result in a European war.

Bulgaria Has a Good Cause.

The note is considered the result of the protection by Turkey and Russia of the murder of Dr. Vukovitch, of the revelation of a plot to murder Prince Ferdinand and Stambuloff made by Costa Ivanoff, brother-in-law of the Serbian minister, President Pasic, and of the discovery of a remarkable band of conspirators, living on Russian soil, and supported by Russian money. The intriguing with the czar on behalf of these conspirators is carried on by General Ignatieff and other high military men who are anxious to annex Bulgaria and fight out the unavoidable war with Germany and Austria at once.

The Base Ball Record.

CHICAGO, April 16.—Following are the National league base ball scores recorded yesterday: At Louisville—Chicago 8, Louisville 4; the game was highly interesting because Peffer, captain of the Louisville club, does not love "Old Anse" a little bit; at St. Louis—Pittsburg 3, St. Louis 9; at Cincinnati—Cleveland 3, Cincinnati 1; at Baltimore—Washington 10, Baltimore 6; No game at Brooklyn and Philadelphia, wet grounds.

Mahon Had a Right to Shoot.

LONDON, April 16.—Michael Mahon, an American who has been on trial at the Heywood (Lancashire) assizes on the charge of attempting to murder J. E. Butterworth by shooting him with a revolver, was acquitted Thursday. The defense proved that Butterworth had frequently menaced Mahon's life, and that when the shooting occurred the defendant had every reason to believe that his life was in danger.

Washed Up by the Lake.

CHICAGO, April 16.—The bodies of four men were found in the lake Thursday, washed up by the storm that had raged for several days. They were identified as two of them, being Charles R. Cole and W. D. Brown, of this city. The other two could not be identified.

Miners Refuse to Compromise.

LONDON, April 16.—At a meeting yesterday the Durham miners on the third ball lot reiterated their refusal to compromise their difficulties with their employers.

CHAMPION AND RAY

Their Deaths May Be Serious for Their Slayers.

"RUSTLERS" LONGING FOR GORE.

Warrants Issued for the Arrest of Forty-three Invading Stockmen—The Sheriff Demands Them, and Col. Van Horn Refuses to Deliver, Backed Up by the Governor—The Cattlemen Not Worried, Having a Bar! to Tap—Twenty-eight Bullets in Champion's Body.

BUFFALO, Wyoming, April 16.—Excitement among the rustlers is on the increase, and the troops charged with escorting the prisoners from McKinley to Douglas must be prepared to encounter a thousand armed men who are determined to have Elliott Ford, Hess and one or two others for the purpose of hanging them. The rustlers are well mounted and armed with Winchester and six shooters. It is feared that they will lie in ambush among the high rocks along some narrow defiles in the mountains. Colonel Van Horn has been warned of the intention of the rustlers and he will be prepared for any emergency.

Must Belong to the Church Militant.

A new leader named M. A. Rader has sprung up among the rustlers. He is a Methodist preacher and is said to possess qualities as a leader that make him very popular. He first made a reputation by a quarrel he had six months ago with a cattleman named Bard. They came to blows and it ended in a rough and tumble fight in which the preacher came out on top. This made him very popular with the rustlers, and he comes in now for leadership. He is a fearless rider and a good shot.

A LESS SANGUINARY VIEW.

Rustlers Said to Be Willing to Wait to See What Law Will Do.

BUFFALO, Wyo., April 16.—Yesterday Sheriff Angus received warrants for the arrest of the following persons comprising the cattlemen's party: W. S. Tabor, G. K. Packer, F. R. Powers, D. Brooke, Ben Morrison, W. A. Wilson, M. A. McNalley, Bob Martin, W. H. Davis, W. J. Clarke, J. A. Farrell, Will Armstrong, Buck Garrett, F. H. Laberated, J. C. Johnson, Alex H. Milton, Frank M. Canton, W. C. Irvine, Jno. N. Tisdale, W. B. Wallace, Fred D. Debliller, H. C. Teschnacher, M. E. Guthrie, Fred Hesse, Phil Duffran, Wm. Little, D. R. Tisdale, J. D. Mynell, M. Shonzy, Joe Elliott, C. A. Campbell, J. Berlings, H. Parker, S. S. Tucker, B. S. Willey, B. C. Shultz, A. B. Clarke, E. W. Whitcomb, A. D. Adamson, Chas. S. Ford, J. M. Binford, Bickard, F. Wolcott.

Van Horn Refuses to Surrender.

All these men are at Fort McKinley, and the guard there has been doubled. The sheriff made a formal demand for the surrender of the prisoners, but Colonel Van Horn declined to give them up without orders from higher authority. Telegraphic communication was had with Governor Barber, who informed Sheriff Angus that the men would not be delivered to him until order and quiet has been so completely restored in Johnson county as to convince him that no further violence will be offered the prisoners, and that the civil authorities are able and willing to protect them, and that an immediate request for their delivery will not be made.

Two Victims of the Raid.

The bodies of Champion and Ray were brought into town yesterday, and were viewed at the undertaker's. The former has twenty-eight bullets in his body, while the remains of Ray are unrecognizable, the legs and head being entirely consumed by fire, leaving only the charred and roasted trunk. The sight of this causes the most intense feeling, but there are no dangerous indications. No trouble is feared unless it is obvious that justice, as understood by the "rustlers," will be defeated.

The Heart's Blood of Champion.

On Champion's person was found a diary soaked with his heart's blood, and the center of which a bullet had torn its ragged way. Feeling that the game was up, the outlaw had calmly jotted down in a memorandum book the passing scenes of the last hours of his life, from the time the attack was begun in early morning down to the moment the house was fired.

The Stockmen Not Worried.

Tom Keze who is foreman of the Murphy Cattle company, said that Parky Parker, one of the prisoners, who is manager of that outfit, said the prisoners had no fears; that they had any quantity of money and could buy their way out; that Parker yesterday received a letter from a stranger offering \$5,000 if needed. The prisoners appear neither sorry nor worried about their crimes. The only fear that the rustlers and their friends have is that the invaders have so much wealth at their command and so many friends at court that they will escape punishment.

Having a Pleasant Time.

The special guard house resembles a hotel at a summer resort. The prisoners are themselves upon the piazza, board at the Canteen restaurant, and are escorted to and from their meals by a file of guards. They have different times for meals, the cattle owners going in one party and the soldiers in another. "When they are ready they are escorted to the Canteen barroom by a sentry."

Draw Poker Without a Limit.

Their only apprehension now is that they may not remain in their present quarters. The prisoners are in good spirits and spend their evenings at whist and draw poker with no limit, with silver dollars for check. The troops believe that they will be ordered to give safe escort to the party to Cheyenne.

The House Did Nothing.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The house yesterday accomplished nothing whatever in the way of legislation. Bills were reported favorably for public buildings at Joliet, Ill.; Ann Arbor, Mich., and Clinton, Ia. The remainder of the day was spent on the private calendar without action. A recess was taken to 3 p. m., and at the night session one pension bill was passed and the house adjourned.

Double Murder in Florida.

OCALA, Fla., April 16.—A telegram received here by the operator of the Silver Springs, Ocala and Gulf railroad says that two men were murdered last night, at or near Hernando, Citrus county. Their names are Robert Stevenson, paymaster of the Empire State phosphate company, of that place, and a Mr. Payne, a mail carrier. They are said to have been murdered for their money.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL ROBBERY.

Loss Believed To Be Heavier Than the Officials Will Admit.

NEW ORLEANS, April 16.—The loss sustained by the hold robbery of the north-bound Illinois Central limited train Thursday night, near Independence, La., is believed to be heavier than the Southern Express company is willing to admit. Captain Jackson has placed bloodhounds on the track of the robbers. It is believed that the bandits are pupils of Cap. An Eugene Burch, who three years ago, unaided and alone, held up and robbed a train of over \$50,000. The express officials say they do not know how much "swag" the robbers obtained.

The Job Well Planned.

It was a well-planned and well-executed job, and the operators were not well identified, as they were masked. Two of the party went into the express car leaving the others outside to watch. The passengers were not molested, and it goes without saying that they did not molest the robbers. As soon as the express car had been rifled to their satisfaction the robbers marched the engineer and fireman back to the engine and ordered Jarvis to back his train down 300 yards, but before doing so they made him cover up his headlight. As soon as they had reached a place that suited them the two men on the engine jumped off and ordered the engineer to go ahead as fast as he could. And he went.

HAS A NEW WAGES SCHEME.

The Government to Fix a Unit of Value for a Day's Work.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The house labor committee is in receipt of a long essay by William Howard, of Bethlehem, Pa., a writer on the subject of political economy, in which he gives his solution of the labor problem. The idea conveyed in the essay is that the government shall provide a unit of the wage value of labor. Howard suggested sixty pounds of good flour or its equivalent at the time the wages are paid as the unit. He contends that the government should provide a unit of measurement for land, a unit of weight for products, and a unit of money for measures of value.

Commented by Noted Personages.

The essay has received high commendation from the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, Cardinal Gibbons, T. V. Powderly, the late Secretary Windom, H. C. Baird, of Philadelphia, Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor; Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania; and Robert G. Ingersoll. Howard asks the labor committee to request an appropriation of \$5,000 to publish and circulate the essay. The essay has been submitted to Representative Dungan, a member of the committee, to examine and pass an opinion upon it.

SNAKES BROKE UP THE SCHOOL.

They Tumbled Out in All Directions and of All Sizes.

LONDON, Conn., April 16.—Teacher and pupils of the Chestnut Hill school at Montville saw snakes the other day and have not yet recovered from the shock. School opened for the summer term, and all went well till a little girl screamed and rushed out of the room. She had seen a snake peering out of the plastering near the teacher's desk. The teacher thought she was ill and sent her home. Half an hour later a small boy saw a snake crawl out of a hole near the chimney and killed it with a slate frame.

Warm Weather Wakes 'Em Up.

It was warm weather, and pretty soon a half-awakened reptile five feet long tumbled out from a hole in the ceiling and landed with a thump just in front of the recitation seats. The teacher stood on top of her desk and the big boys had settled his account. Then snakes began to tumble down by twos and threes, bigger, blacker and uglier than ever, and the whole school, big boys and all, fled. The teacher refused to enter the building again, and the Chestnut Hill school is adjourned without date.

Anti-Semite Agitation in Germany.

BERLIN, April 16.—The anti-Semitic question is again coming to the front, notwithstanding the recent prosecution of Rector Ahlwardt, and it is probable that an anti-Semitic programme will be strongly pressed at the next session of the landtag. There is much irritation against the Hebrews on account of the general support given by the Hebrew press to the primary education bill, and for that reason many who were indifferent to anti-Semitism or even opposed to it, are now inclined to repressive action in regard to the Jews.

Small Stock of Greenback Paper.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Secretary Foster was today notified that the Pittsfield, Mass., mill where the distinctive paper used by the government in printing paper currency is manufactured, was destroyed by fire Thursday night and the entire government supply of paper, with the exception of 240,000 sheets of treasury paper upon which currency is printed and 90,000 sheets of paper upon which treasury checks are printed, was burned.

An Old English Custom.

LONDON, April 16.—In accordance with a custom inaugurated by Edward III. in 1363 the bishop of Ely, lord high almoner to the queen, at Westminster abbey Thursday, gave for the queen, to seventy-three old men and the same number of old women a sum of money aggregating ninety shillings to the men and nearly forty to the women. The number seventy-three is the number of years of the queen's age.

Lighthouses for the Lakes.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—A combined effort is to be made by the delegation from the great lakes districts in the northwest and others from districts bordering on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to secure the passage of a general lighthouse bill to provide better safeguards for the conduct of commerce and navigation. Brickner of Wisconsin and others are urging the measure.

Mrs. Harrison Slightly Improved.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Dr. Gardner, the attending physician of Mrs. Harrison, said yesterday that her condition was slightly improved. In speaking of her case he said that she had had a serious attack of bronchitis; she was very weak and it would be several days yet before she will be able to leave her bed.

The Postoffice Appropriation.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The house committee on postoffice and postroads yesterday completed its appropriation bill for the next fiscal year. The bill carries an appropriation of about \$80,000,000 against \$77,921,222, appropriated for the current year. This is about \$2,078,778 less than the estimates submitted.

If dull, spiritless and stupid; if your blood is thick and sluggish; if your appetite is capricious and uncertain, you need a Sarsaparilla. For best results take De Witt's. D. S. Horton, Druggist.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. For sale by Tillson & Hayden, druggists.

Bright people are the quickest to recognize a good thing and buy it.

We sell lots of bright people the Little Early Risers. If you are not bright these pills will make you so. D. S. Horton, agent.

Hot Springs Skin Soap.

Prepared principally from the evaporated waters of Hot Springs, Ark. Delightful for the toilet. The healing powers of the Hot Springs of Arkansas have long been known and recognized by the medical profession all over the country. The manufacturers believe that in presenting to the public their Hot Springs Soap, they have given a wonderful opportunity for presenting all kinds of skin disorders, and believe that their patrons will be well repaid by its constant use.

Mrs. L. R. Patton, Rockford, Ill., writes: "From personal experience I can recommend De Witt's Sarsaparilla a cure for impure blood and general debility." D. S. Horton, agent.

The promptness and certainty of its cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy famous. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping coughs, and is the most effectual remedy known for these diseases. 25 and 50 cent bottles for

ASTER.
The darkness flees; from eastward streams
A softened ray of golden light,
Like sharp-edged swords the morning beams
Beat back the forces of the night,
Until across the arching skies
No shadow of the midnight lies.
The lily's slaty cup unfolds,
The petals as strong wings outspread,
And like a tear the center holds
A dewdrop that the night has shed;
But, as all tears on Easter day,
The drop reflects the dawn's bright ray.
The northbound flocks of song birds rest
A moment in their gentle flight,
With carols joyful, unexpressed,
They greet the dawn of golden light;
And ere again on wing they start
The song finds echo in man's heart.
From deathlike sleep the world awakes
And throws aside stern winter's chains;
From slavery all Nature breaks
To greet the Day of Spring which reigns,
And Death's dark gates are opened wide
By the eternal Easter tide.
FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AN EASTER PACKAGE.

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LITTLE man and a little woman were talking in low tones. One Easter eve in the darkened sitting room of a house beside whose front door rusty crane streamers fluttered. They were brother and sister.

The man had a commonplace face, with a pleasant look usually upon it. A sparse, stubby beard grew around the lower part of his face and under the edge of his chin. It stopped at the ears, of course, but was continued just behind them by another sparse, stubby fringe of hair, which reached around the back of his head. The entire top was bald and shining.

The woman was short and slender and very trim in person and dress. Her face was not so round as her brother's, her hair, just turning gray, was parted carefully and smoothed away over the forehead and behind the ears into a coil low in her neck.

"You're real mean an' grumpy, Jot," the woman was saying somewhat shakily. "An' how you can be, with poor pa-lyin' there in the parlor, I don't see. I wouldn't begrudge him anything nice now. I'm sure it has his'n, and he aimed it by workin' hard."

"Now, Dot, don't you take on so. Can't you talk sensible about this? I wonder? I knowed pa well enough. He wouldn't 'prove o' no such outlay as you seem to want. We'll come to the poor's yet if you're bound to go on so."

"Come to the poor's!" she ejaculated, her eyes flashing. "I ain't afeerd o' that, anyway. I wouldn't be mean enough to think o' such things while poor pa is waitin' to be buried. Mebbe you'll want to go an' dig the grave yourself, to save payin' fur hev'in it done."

The brother made no reply to this. He rose and walked cautiously to the door of the parlor and opened it a trifle. "Come in, Mr. Gregory," he whispered to the waiting undertaker.

"We've decided to hev the hearse, Mr. Gregory," said the brother; "an' give us a plain wood coffin with proper trimmings."

Mr. Gregory soon departed. He had heard the discussion between the brother and sister and was not slow in telling of it.

The Trynns had lived for years in one of two frame houses built "double," the only structure of the sort in Fairway. People thought old Jacob Trynn eccentric when he built in that manner. When the houses were done they went by the name of "The Twins," a time honored joke which was meant to be a pun on the owner's last name.

The family was also called "The T's," and finally every one forgot how the name was spelled. There had been originally the father and mother, a son and a daughter—curiously enough twins—also a younger son. The mother faded out of life after five years in the little house. The father lived long enough to see his twin children confirmed in solitary ways of living. They were about fifty when the old man, four years past the allotted threescore and ten of human strength, died. Their names were Joshua and Dora, familiarly shortened to Jot and Dot. The younger son had gone away after the mother died, to "branch it" in Colorado, and had not been heard from for several years.

The end came to Jacob Trynn suddenly and formed the chief topic of conversation at the store. The tale told by Mr. Gregory was not long in reaching there.

"Heard anything about the trouble up to twins?" asked Hi Anderson, the stage driver, who generally had the news before the rest did.

"No; is there any? What about, Hi?" asked his hearers.

"Wal, it's about how they shell put the old man under. Dot, she wanted him to hev a cloth covered casket an' a hearse, but Jot he said 'twan't no use goin' to sech



expense. He 'lows that a good coffin is well enough, an' says 'ain't so fur to the buryin' ground but what the beners kin walk. Mr. Gregory says he gin in, though, about the hearse."

The usual slow stream of talk and conjecture followed these statements, some taking Dot's side, some Jot's. Some were heard to make ill willed speeches about both, and there was a great deal of free comment.

"Jot, he's mighty close, you know," said one. "S'pose that ain't never been a time when Dot wouldn't give in, but 'pears she wanted this pretty bad."

And so the news was dispersed. No one ever quite dared to speak to the Trynns about their quarrel, as reported by Mr. Gregory. Had it been a difference on any other subject, people would have stepped right in and tried to settle af-

airs, but this they let alone. In a few weeks' time everybody was surprised by the announcement that the Trynns had notified their tenants in the other house to vacate. No one could find out definitely at first what reason they had for giving up that much of their income. Jot worked in the drug shops, Fairway's one industry aside from farming, and Dot sewed drum straps at home. They had a fine garden, which furnished their table and left something to sell besides, so they got along comfortably and could lay aside something for their declining years.

Presently the village was electrified by the news that Dot was going to live in the other house. The trouble began with the different wishes about the father's funeral. Neither brother nor sister could let the subject alone, and the more words they had the more the trouble grew. At last matters came to a crisis.

"Pears like you don't want I should stay with you any longer, Jot," said his sister after some discussion one day.

"I don't know's I care," he replied. "Ef I've got to be hefored about all the rest of my days, a pretty life I'll lead."

"It's as much your fault as mine," she declared. "You won't never let me alone no more. P'raps we kin git on better separet."

"Jest so," said Jot; "I'll tell the Blakeses they'll hev to git out, an' one o' us kin live thar."

"I'll go into the other house," offered Dot timidly. She felt very sorry she had begun the subject of separation. So did he, at heart, but neither would say so. "You'd never be able to get it clean, an' I've had my hands into all sech work, you know."

"Jest as you like," was Jot's laconic reply. When the Blakes had gone, the sister went in to clean the house. It was built exactly like the other one, only everything was "the other way around." It was the same and yet not the same, and she felt sorry she had offered to be the one to move.

Jot helped her carry in her part of the things with which the old home was well filled. Each seemed to survive in little ways to give in to the other during their last days together, the only difference being about the possession of the tall old clock. Jot insisted on keeping it.

"I hope it'll allers be a-tickin' out your meanness," Dot said indignantly. After the change was made she sat down and had a good cry.

Sure enough, the little man grew uneasy. Her wish came true at night when he was busy about the house. "Mean—man," "mean—man," he heard very distinctly. Finally he stopped the clock and felt meaner than ever to keep it useless.

After they had been separated a week Dot went into the other house while Jot was away at work. Each had always made a point of leaving the back door key under the rag mat on each back doorstep, "in case o' suthin' happenin'," they said. She wouldn't go in before, but she did now, and held up her hands in horror at his un-



tidiness. She began to straighten it up, stealthily at first, as if she were afraid some one would overhear her. She discovered in the pantry some baker's bread, and her heart reproached her, for she knew Jot hated any but homemade. It took but an instant to run home and get a nice loaf, to which she added a pie. These she placed prominently on Jot's pantry shelves. Then, as the whistles were sounding for 6 o'clock, she went home.

On the next Sunday afternoon, while his sister was out, Jot went into her cellar and brought up her tubs for Monday's washing, setting them out on the bench. Monday morning she went in, when there was a chance, gathering up his small wash, and taking it home nicely laundered Tuesday afternoon. Then Jot began putting up her clotheslines for her. So, gradually, they slowly exchanged work in a way that would have been comical if it had not been pathetic. They talked together casually of course, but neither would show a particle of interested feeling toward the other.

On the Saturday before Easter Hiram drove up to the Trynn property with a tiny passenger—a little girl six years old. There was a tag attached to her person which had written on it, "Mr. Jacob Trynn," and the proper address.

"Now, sit right still," he said kindly to the little creature, as he reined in his horses. Then he got down and walked up the path to the old Trynn house. Jot was away, for it was not quite 6, and Dot, hearing the knock at her brother's door, put her head out of her own.

"What now, Hiram?" she asked. "Who on airth hev you got thar?"

"The nicest little package you ever see," he replied. "It's directed to your father, an' naturally I come to the old door, forgittin' that you wa'n't thar. I reckon you air the one to see to the little thing. She come all the way from Colorado, an' she says her name is Mabel Trynn. Her pa's dead."

He turned away to get the child, and Dot fluttered about sorrowfully and yet joyfully. "It must be Jack's child," she whispered with tears in her eyes. "Jack's little girl."

"Here she is," shouted Hiram in the front doorway, and Dot wiped her eyes with her clean white apron and went forward with outstretched arms.

"You dear," she said, and kissed the child again and again, taking her in her lap and crying over her at intervals while removing her wraps. "What's this?" she asked when she found an envelope pinned securely in the inner pocket of the child's light cloak.

"Papa's letter," said the little one. It told how he was ill and could not get well; how he had not strength to bring his child to the old home and the father he supposed was still living, and described in a few words the various kinds of losses which he had engaged since she heard from him last. He had lost his wife, who was an orphan with no near relatives, not long before the date of the letter. He wrote of what little property he had invested for the child, and how he had seen to all the details of its settlement by some one who would forward proper papers, and closed with a sad farewell.

Hiram met Jot as he drove up the village street. "I brung you an express package for

you, an' it's a good one. It's a good coffin is well enough, an' says 'ain't so fur to the buryin' ground but what the beners kin walk. Mr. Gregory says he gin in, though, about the hearse."

The usual slow stream of talk and conjecture followed these statements, some taking Dot's side, some Jot's. Some were heard to make ill willed speeches about both, and there was a great deal of free comment.

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Easter jest now, Jot, he said, stopping his horses. "I left 'a down to your house. Your sister she took it," and cracking his whip Hiram drove on, leaving Jot standing in the road.

"Wal, I vum!" he said aloud. "Wonder what it is," and off he started again. "Thar hain't no one as I knowed to send me an Easter package," he soliloquized. "He says Dot took it. Why on airth didn't he leave it to my house? He knows where the key allers is as well as I do. Jest as likely as not Dot took the wrappers off to see what it is. Wop! he is so curus."

Reaching home he entered his own door first. "Nothin' here," he ejaculated, after glancing hurriedly around. "I didn't think she'd keep it. Gosh, what's that?" as the sound of clear, childish laughter was heard through the partition wall. "Guess Dot's got company. I b'lieve I'll see who it is afore I go in."

When the change of homes had been made, in the process of a general cleaning, Dot had removed the covering from a disused stovepipe hole between the two houses and it had not been replaced. Perhaps she had thought it would not be so lonesome if she had some means of communication between the two sitting rooms. Jot now placed a chair under the hole and climbed up. As the ceilings were low he could easily see through into the next room.

Yes, Dot had company, but only a tiny little girl. "Who in Sam Hill is that?" said he. "Sam Hill" was one of the strongest expletives Jot ever used. "I never see a young 'un around these parts as putty as that. Wonder what his ma is?"

After waiting patiently a few minutes to see or hear if she were anywhere near, he clambered stiffly down. "I'd better go an' git my package, as long as it's only that little gal she's got fur company."

He stepped carefully over to the other house and entered without ceremony. "Dot," he began, in an aggrieved tone, "what's my express package? I met Hi 'a down the road a piece, an' he said he'd left suthin' here fur me an' you took it. Why didn't you let him leave it in my house?" with a slight emphasis on the possessive pronoun.

The little girl, sliding off from her aunt's lap, stood looking at him with her great, blue eyes.

"Oh," she said suddenly, "that's my Uncle Jot! My papa told me about him. What's the matter with your head?" she asked in the next instant. "Ain't you got any hair?" shaking her own sunny curls.

"Who on airth is she?" asked Jot, turning a bewildered face toward his sister. "That's the express package you're lookin' fur, an' her name is Mabel Trynn. Read that. It was pinned inside her coat," handing him the letter. "She's Jack's child. Poor Jack!"

"Poor Jack!" Jot repeated when he had finished wiping away a few tears. "Wal, little gal, I don't know as I kin take very good keer of you, but I'll try fur Jack's sake."

"Why, good land, Joshua Trynn!" exclaimed Dot; "you don't 'em o' takin' her in tother house, do you? You know very well you can't take keer of a little girl like that."

"Wal," said his brother slowly, "seem as I'm Jacob Trynn"—his middle name was Jacob—"he leetle gal been 'a down to me. 'Howse air you goin' to take proper keer o' her when you're away all day, I'd like to know?" Dot asked triumphantly.

"Wal, mebbe you had better keep her a spell," said Jot slowly, "an' then p'raps I kin hev her awhile when work gets slack."

Summer came with all its loveliness, and Mabel, who was not particularly strong when she arrived, grew the picture of glowing health. She was out of doors almost all day long, but every evening she went in for a romp with her Uncle Jot. Finally the shop was closed to repair some machinery. Then Jot demanded the child for awhile. She staid with him willingly enough until bedtime. Then she made such an outcry that after trying in vain to pacify her he carried her in to his sister, saying, "She'd better stay with you nights, but she must eat all her meals with me."

And Dot, who had long ago resolved that come what might she would never differ from her brother away all day, I'd like to know?" Dot asked triumphantly.

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"Wal, mebbe you had better keep her a spell," said Jot slowly, "an' then p'raps I kin hev her awhile when work gets slack."

"How did you know that was what I was a-goin' to say?" interrupted her brother. "Wal, I sp'icined you was gittin' ruther tired o' livin' alone, an' I know right well I am. Then thar's Mabel. We both want her; an' besides, I don't know's we've got much time to spend in bickerin'. We're both gittin' along in years."

"Yes," added Jot, "thar's no sense in livin' in both these haouses when we kin live just as well in one, with room enough an' to spare, an' the rent from this one we kin lay by fur Mabel if she gits well. Please God she will!"

The child was better when morning came, and as soon as she could be moved she was carried into the next house, as was all the furniture her aunt had been using. In a few days a placard "To Let" appeared in a window of the dismantled house, and the village loungers had something more to talk about.

"Thar air leetle gal I brung them Twins was a right proper Easter gift, fur peace and good will came with her," said Hiram when he heard of the reconciliation. On the first day Mabel was well enough to play about the house she stood before the old clock, which she asked suddenly.

"I stopped it," said her uncle, a little shamefacedly. "What fur, Jot?" asked Dot. "Oh, wal, it—it bothered me," he replied. "I order 'at let you hev it, Dot. I couldn't a-bear to hear it."

"Never mind," she said softly; "we kin bear it now." "Oh, yes, Uncle Jot, make it go," cried the child.

He did so, and she stood delightedly listening to it at intervals in her play. "I know what it says," she called out after a while, "your names."

They listened. Sure enough, they heard it plainly, "Dot-Jot," "Dot-Jot," and looked happily at each other over the head of the child who had interpreted its sounds for them.

"We'll all keep together now," said Jot slowly; "you an' me an' Mabel an' the old clock. There shan't nothin' separate us any more."

And it was so. ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

A Rodeau of Easter. At Easter time I feel the thrill Responsive to a bonnet bill, Which cometh in unasked, unsought— The aftermath of bonnets bought, And other things which lightly fill The wish of woman, and her will To keep it up until—until I rip and swear, because I'm caught At Easter time.

The holy rest, the gladsome still, Which gently as a purring rill Should soothe my soul and calm my thought, Are lost as they hadn't ought To be by this same bonnet bill At Easter time.

WILL J. LAMPTON. Not a Competent Judge.



Mrs. Winterbloom—Didn't you think Miss Pinkerley's Easter solo a remarkably fine effort?

Mrs. Van Wicker—Possibly so, but I am afraid I didn't appreciate it. You see I live next door to her and have heard her practice on it for the past month.

He Wanted to Know. She (after the Easter service)—Did you see me in the choir this morning?

He—Why, no. I wondered who was making all that noise.

THE EASTER SUN.

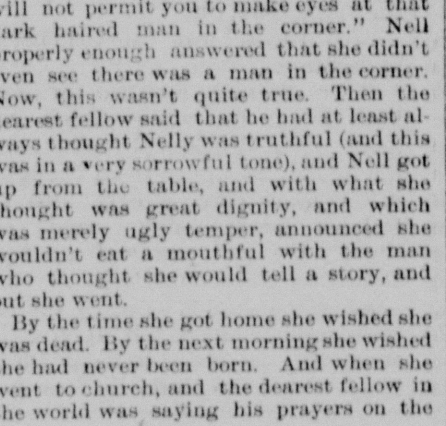
He had always thought she was the sweetest girl in the world. And he told her so on Ash Wednesday. It seemed a queer day to select, but as he knelt in the pew just back of her and heard everybody call themselves "miserable sinners" he felt that they were doing one woman a wrong, for she was an angel.

As they walked home from church together he carried a large heart and small prayer book, and somehow or other he never did know just how he got up the courage to do it, but he asked her to be his wife. He told her how much he loved her and he got her to confess that she did care for him a little bit. After this his heart felt so light that the prayer book seemed the heavy part, for he had a decided inclination to throw it away and hug her then and there right in the street. But better sense prevailing, he waited until he got into the house. Unlike most other love stories, there was no cruel parent in this, and the wedding was set for June.

"But," said pretty Nell, "every year since I was a little bit of a thing I have gotten up to see the sun dance on Easter morning, and I have always been just a few minutes too late. Now, I charge you if you love me that you either sit up all night or have yourself awakened by a messenger boy, or do anything that will result in your sending somebody to wake me up, because you know, dearest, it will be perfectly lovely for us to see the sun dance together." The promise was made when the engagement ring was put on. It was sealed with a kiss, and the dearest fellow in the world and the sweetest girl in the world gloated over the idea of the charming time they would have early on Easter morning seeing the sun dance for very joy, as their eyes and hearts would.

Now, if the sweetest girl had a fault, which may be doubted, it was that she knew when other creatures, mere men, looked at her with admiration, and her bright eyes would flash back a sort of "Thank you." If the dearest fellow in the world had a weakness, which may be doubted, it was that he objected to it to such a degree that he actually became jealous. It was unreasonable in him, but still it was true. On Good Friday, when Nell and he were eating hot cross buns with great fierceness and said, "Nell, I will not permit you to make eyes at that dark haired man in the corner." Nell properly enough answered that she didn't even see there was a man in the corner. Now, this wasn't quite true. Then the dearest fellow said that he had at least a dozen fellow Nells was truthful (and this was in a very sorrowful tone), and Nell got up from the table, and with what she thought was great dignity, and which was merely ugly temper, announced she wouldn't eat a mouthful with the man who thought she would tell a story, and out she went.

By the time she got home she wished she was dead. By the next morning she wished she had never been born. And when she went to church, and the dearest fellow in the world was saying his prayers on the



NELL GOT UP FROM THE TABLE. other side of the aisle and never came near her, she wished that her father and mother had never been born and that Adam and Eve had never been created. That night she went to her pretty little room, took off her engagement ring, looked at it for long times and remembered what she said when she put it on—that the diamond was symbolic of earthly love and the sapphire of heavenly; and yet this was the way it was ending. It went into its little box, was tied up and addressed to be sent the next morning to its original owner. Then Nell cried awhile, and then she made arrangements with a friendly maid to be awakened early enough in the morning to go to see the Easter sun dance.

She was up in time, put on a dark dress, and—never felt it to anybody—a new yellow garter for good luck, and out to the park walking on the east side did poor Nell go. She dragged her hat well over her face so nobody would see her, and when she was bumped into she was too downcast to do anything more than raise her eyes and say "Certainly" to the apology offered. Of course it was the dearest fellow in the world who had been so rude. He had come out as a sort of goody to see the sun dance too. He said to her, "There is no reason why we shouldn't be friends." And she answered, "Certainly not!" But when he looked into those eyes it was love, not friendship, he saw there, and stooping down he kissed the tears away and started to apologize for his wrongdoing, but she called out quickly, "Look, dearest, look; the sun is dancing!"

And so it was, and the eyes of these two true lovers saw it, and then they heard coming up from a little church near the old, old Easter song—

Christ hath risen, death is no more— and Nell knew as she rested her head against the shoulder of her own true love that the Easter morn of her happiness had come. After all she, the sweetest girl in the world, and he, the dearest fellow in the world, are willing to declare, no matter what unbelievers may say, that if you go to look for it with faith in your heart the sun dance on Easter morning.

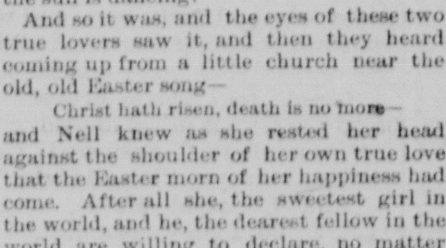
That this whole story is true is vouched for by me, and so I sign it.

ISABEL A. MALLON. Easter Dress in 1850.

In all countries at all times until now, Easter, coming as it does at the threshold of creation's home, has been the signal for dress change. Here is a description of an Easter dress of 1850:

Green silk velvet skirt perfectly plain and very full (six yards) three-quarters high body, fitting closely to figure, ornamented with "noonds" (bows) of ribbon ranging at regular intervals from the neck down to the bottom of skirt, which must clear the floor under wide hoop, deep gathers at waist, point back and front, chemise and full sleeves of white cambric, bonnet of deep lilac velvets epingle across the center of the front worked with tan-brown, fitted closely to figure, ornamented with a narrow filling, the curtain bordered with same and decorated inside with bows of ribbon and "brides."

Kept Him Home.



Mrs. Bingo—Didn't you think Mrs. Kingley's Easter gown was lovely? By the way, I wonder why her husband didn't go to church with her?

Bingo—He told me that he had to stay home and figure up his liabilities.



On Easter day he went to church With one five dollar bill; And that he had no other change He did not dream until

The box came round. He searched in vain. His girl began to grin. What could he do? He shed a tear, And dropped that bill right in.

Tom Masson.

Pretty Things for Easter. One of the pleasantest things about Easter is the custom of giving souvenirs of the day to friends. The presentation of eggs is a ceremony which is said to be traced to the theology and philosophy of the Persians, Egyptians, Gauls, Greeks, Romans and other ancient nations, among all of whom an egg was an emblem of new life, the work of the Supreme Divinity.

All sorts of devices suitable for Easter gifts are for sale each year, and most of them have for the keynote to their design the egg. Easter cards and booklets with Easter poems and quotations are numerous. But possibly people are growing tired of offerings that can be purchased, so for those who wish to make Easter gifts these hints are put down.

Lovely little window baskets are made of eggs, which have been broken at the pointed ends and their contents used. About one-third of the shell should be broken carefully away, leaving the edge as even as possible. A little basket or bag can be crocheted out of silk or worsted, much like those used for balls of cord, only they should not close at the top. The covering should fit snugly around the egg, which is filled with earth and a little grass seed, a sprig of sweet alyssum or any tiny plant placed therein. Silk or ribbon cords at least nine inches long suspend it, and when the green stuff is nicely started the baskets are very dainty affairs. If crocheting cannot be done a bag can be made of strips of narrow ribbon meeting at the bottom of the egg, held together by loose cut stitching of contrasting silk.

Another way to use eggs is to blow out their contents, run a narrow ribbon through the holes thus made, looping it at the large ends and leaving long pieces of different lengths at the opposite ends. A group of three or more eggs decorated in painting or sepiated and hung by the different lengthed ribbons will be a pretty chandelier or mantel ornament, or can be suspended from the lower corner of a picture frame.

A group of silk or satin sachet bags, made in egg shapes, will be acceptable Easter offerings. A photograph holder made of water color paper can have an egg shaped opening for the photo, and in the lower left hand corner a bit of branch holding a nest of eggs, with a bird or two near by, will suggest springtime as well as Easter. The rest of the frame may be shaded from a deep yellow on the edge to white around the opening, and the frame is suspended by narrow gold ribbon.

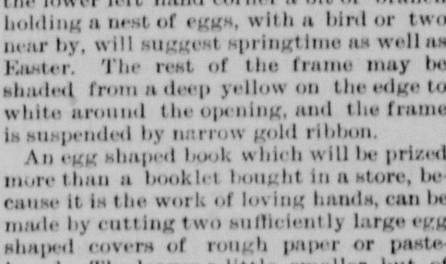
An egg shaped book which will be prized more than a booklet bought in a store, because it is the work of loving hands, can be made by cutting two sufficiently large egg shaped covers of rough paper or paste-board. The leaves a little smaller, but of similar shape, may have Easter verses, quotations or poems written or printed on them, and can be fastened together with the covers at one side. The exterior should contain a suitable drawing or painting of either figures or flowers. If Easter lilies are done they can be thrown into relief against a gold or blue background, and the words "Christ is Risen," or "Easter Thoughts" printed at the bottom.

If an egg shaped box can be obtained or made, say four or five inches long, it will form the foundation for a beautiful jewel casket, the outside being covered smoothly with white satin or silk, and the inside being made fit for the gems it will hold by being lined with swansdown, over the center of which is laid an oval mat of rich yellow plush. The box can be supported by a wooden frame such as is used for large Easter eggs, or may be laid on a fluffy mat of some sort, which will hold it in place.

A floral egg makes a very suitable Easter gift, and is made over a wire frame shaped like an egg. When the frame is made fill it with scented cotton, and to this sew tiny artificial flowers, such as forget-me-nots, which are purchasable for about twenty-five cents a dozen; violets, lilies of the valley or roses. The egg may be suspended by loops of ribbon. Large floral eggs can be covered with tissue paper flowers.

Egg shaped sachets are made of chamois skin, with layers of cotton wadding, scented, placed between the covers, which are painted or gilded and tied together with ribbon.

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A NATION OF STAIR CLIMBERS.

The Berliners Have a Fondness for Living in Top Story Apartments. I called upon American friends. It was just in that hour when solid midnight sets in here (6 o'clock), and when, in response to a ring, the heavy iron door opened with a soft click, there were revealed a few steps, and beyond there was darkness. I did not know on what story my friends dwelt, having only the number of the house. After striking several matches it appeared that those sought did not dwell on the first or second floors. More matches were struck, and at last the name appeared. There was nothing to say about so strange an adventure. It is the way of the town. One has to get the hang of the dark stairways or stay in first class hotels.

A friend related a similar experience. He was making a call in a fashionable quarter, and after lighting his way to the fourth story of a large house, and he counted the steps—there were 103 of them—he entered an apartment that was brilliantly lighted and found a charming circle of ladies in lovely evening costumes. He expected some explanation of his passage up the stairway, 103 dark steps, but it was not regarded as remarkable in any respect. The people upon whom he was calling were Americans with a superfluity of money, and abroad for personal repose and educational facilities. The people are used to the climbing of stairs, and regard it as a form of necessary exercise.

A residence is not a house, but a series of apartments, connected and separate from others. There is a common stairway, and it is guarded by a porter, who watches the one front door, behind which, at various elevations, are half a dozen well established families. There are probably four floors, with room for a family, perhaps two of them, on each floor. You come to an iron and glass door, say fifteen feet high, and ring a bell. You are at once under inspection from the lodge of the invisible porter, and if he regards you as eligible he pulls a lever or turns a crank and the spring latch is withdrawn.

Then you ascend to the floor where your friends are at home and ring another bell and you can enter a private hall, though often on this hall there are several parties who merely know each other as neighbors. This is the way to concentrate population and encourage architecture.

I know a young man who has not been in Berlin long, and has a fancy for counting the steps he climbs to see his friends. The number of steps ranges from 53 to 111. The average height of eligible apartments is about 70 steps

COLUMBUS.
Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow faintly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt-wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas as dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very waves forget their heat,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral, speak and say—"
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"
They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the
mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
It curls its lip, it lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"
Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that
night
Of dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson, "On and on!"
—Joaquin Miller in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

AN AWKWARD HERO.

"I can't see what brought him here anyway. None of us asked him to come, I am sure."
"Unless it was Denzil. He is always so soft hearted about such people. If he looked as if he wanted to come, you may be certain Denzil gave him an invitation."
"Yes," said Denzil quietly, "I did ask him to come."
"I can't tell what you did it for, then," responded the one who had first spoken; "for of all disagreeable, stupid creatures Caleb Orton is the most disagreeable and the most stupid."
"Never says a word all day long, but just sits and stares, for all the world like one of those wooden images before tobacco shops."
"Yesterday," said a girl's voice, "I was trying to cross the brook on the stepping stones, which, as you know, are very slippery. Master Caleb happened to come along, and without saying a word he picked me up and carried me across as if I had been a bundle. When he saw I was angry, he turned very red, muttered something about 'being afraid I might wet my feet,' and went off, looking more sheepish than ever."
"He does nothing but ride around the country on that bicycle of his, and—"
"Now, look here, fellows, and you, Mollie," interrupted Denzil, "you are all mistaken about Caleb Orton. Tell me, did you ever know of his saying or doing a mean thing?"
"No," reluctantly from several of the party.
"Well, then, I tell you that Caleb Orton is a true gentleman at heart. He may be slow and awkward, I don't deny that. You may not like his looks. That is a matter of taste. But in spite of his queer, shy ways he is one of the best fellows that ever lived."
And all this time Caleb Orton himself stood in the shadow of the hazel hedge, not ten steps distant from where the party of girls and boys sat upon the lawn. He had meant to join them, but had paused where he was, with an unhappy sense that he would not be welcome among them, and while debating with himself he heard all.
Caleb was slow, as Denzil had said, but he could not help seeing that his young companions, except Denzil Graham, avoided him. He had often wondered why. He liked and admired them all. They were so bright and clever that he would have been satisfied just to sit with them and listen to their talk. But he noticed that they became cold and silent the moment he joined them. He had tried very hard to gain their good will, but everything he did only seemed to make matters worse.
Sitting by himself in his room, or wandering off alone in the woods, he had many times pondered over this, with a very sore heart. What was wrong with him? What had he done to offend them? Now he understood.
He hesitated a moment, drawing his rough red hand over his eyes, then without knowing very clearly what he meant to do he pushed his way through the hazels and stood before the party.
Instantly silence fell upon the group. Those who had been talking against him looked a little uncomfortable; for there was something in the boy's face which they had never seen there before.
"No," said Caleb, as Denzil beckoned him to a place beside himself on the settee. "No, Denzil; I only came to say that I heard all. I did not mean to listen, but I know now why none of you like me. I'm not angry, only very sorry. I am clumsy and dull. I can't talk like the rest of you. I can't do things that other boys can. I wanted to make friends with you, but somehow I couldn't. It wasn't your fault. I suppose I am different from other fellows. I am going away tomorrow, and—and I hope you will forgive me."
He spoke hurriedly, in a choked voice, and broke down at the end. He was ashamed of the tears he felt

spring to his eyes and turned away quickly, without waiting for any reply. He had taken a few steps when he felt a hand upon his shoulder and Denzil Graham joined him. The two boys walked on in silence side by side for a short distance, then Denzil said earnestly:
"Look here, Caleb, you don't mean what you said about going away tomorrow?"
"Yes," answered Caleb. "You see I didn't know they hated me or I wouldn't have said so long."
"They don't hate you," said Denzil. "It's just their talk. They don't know you as I do, that's all."
"You spoke up for me like a brick, Denzil," and Caleb's coarse, honest face lighted up with an affectionate smile; "I thank you, but I must go."
"I will come to your room this afternoon," said Denzil. "I'm going back to the others now, but I think I shall have something to say to you then that will alter your feelings."
The two boys shook hands warmly; Denzil returned to the party on the lawn, while Caleb went to the carriage house where his bicycle was, and mounting it rode away at great speed.
Denzil Graham had invited a number of boy and girl friends to spend a part of the vacation at his father's place, the Mill Farm, situated in a beautiful little valley among the Lacombe mountains. Among others he had asked his classmate, Caleb Orton, to come. Poor Caleb had few friends, but Denzil had learned to know what a sterling good fellow there was hidden under the boy's uncouth exterior, and he believed that the rest of the party would soon come to like him as warmly as he himself did. But the result had been quite contrary to Denzil's expectations, and Caleb's first week at Mill Farm had been one of the unhappiest of his life.
For a few moments as Caleb rode along the silent country road his reflections were very sorrowful; then gradually he forgot his own troubles in a discovery which he believed he had made a day or two before. The Mill Farm had received its name from the saw mill which stood some distance from the house, on the bank of the brook which ran through the midst of the valley. Half a mile above the dwelling a heavy stone dam had been built across the stream, making a pond of some acres in extent, which supplied power to the mill. Riding about the country alone on his bicycle, Caleb had found this dam and had visited it frequently.
There had been a heavy rainstorm at the beginning of the week and the water in the pond had risen to the very brink of the dam. The structure was old, and the pressure of the water had started a number of seams in the masonry. This was Caleb's discovery.
He had spoken of this to Mr. Graham, who had laughed at his fears, saying that the old dam had lasted fifty years and would last another fifty. But Caleb had not been satisfied. He had made a journey to the pond every day and had seen that the cracks in the wall were surely growing wider, while the escaping water was increasing in quantity. On the previous afternoon he had found a new crack in the stonework, near the middle, from which a small torrent was rushing. Though Mr. Graham certainly out to know best, Caleb felt uneasy about it. He was sure there must be danger of the old wall crumbling away.
When he reached the pond, and leaving his bicycle in the road climbed down to the foot of the dam, he was startled first by a loud roaring sound and then by the sight of a mass of brown water pouring through a large gap in the wall which had not been there on the day before. Wide cracks seamed the masonry in every direction. As he rested his hand against the stones he felt them tremble as under a succession of heavy blows.
While he stood there agast, there came a loud report and another crack opened in the wall from top to bottom. Almost at the same moment a huge block of masonry fell out, followed by a tremendous rush of water. Every instant smaller pieces crumbled down and new jets of water burst forth. The dam was going!
Poor, slow Caleb stood clutching a sapling, wondering what he ought to do. He knew that the Mill Farm dwelling was in the very center of the narrow valley and if this great mass of water were to rush down upon it suddenly it must surely be swept away with all in or near it.
In the midst of his doubt and terror another section of the wall gave way, and driven by a blind impulse Caleb climbed the bank, mounted his bicycle and raced down the road like the wind. Behind him he could hear the deepening roar of the water, and as he turned into the gate at Mill Farm, shaking with fatigue and alarm, there came a dull, heavy boom that seemed to shake the pond. The dam had given way!
A number of the boys and girls were sitting upon the porch. He did not pause to see who they were, but mounted the steps, shouting:
"The dam, the dam! It has burst! Run for your lives."
In a moment all was confusion. Girls, boys, servants and inmates ran hither and thither, crying out in vague terror, and utterly incapable of caring for their own safety.
Caleb seemed to be the only one there with presence of mind. Rais-

ing his voice above the uproar, he shouted:
"Run for the top of the hill! Quick, don't wait for anything."
With a courage and coolness for which no one had ever given him credit he got the frightened crowd together and started them up the hill, following behind to urge them on. They had nearly reached the top when Caleb stopped and looked back.
"Where is Denzil?" he cried. "He is not here."
"I saw him down by the brook a few minutes ago," answered one of the number.
"Go on then," answered Caleb; "you are safe now."
"What are you going to do?" asked a terrified voice.
"To find Denzil," replied Caleb, turning back and running swiftly down the hill.
The water was now swirling and roaring down the middle of the valley, rising and increasing in violence every instant, and bearing upon its muddy surface uprooted trees, planks and rubbish.
"Denzil! Denzil!" cried Caleb wildly. "Oh, Denzil, where are you?"
"Here I am," came the reply, and Caleb saw the slight figure of his friend standing upon the point of a rock projecting out of the flood which boiled and thundered above him.
Without a moment's hesitation, Caleb plunged into the water, which rose to his armpits, and battled his way toward the rock. Seizing Denzil around the waist, he drew him down, and supporting him by one arm struck out for the high ground. The water had now risen above the boys' heads and they could only hope to escape by swimming.
Denzil could not swim, and if left to himself in that raging torrent would have drowned in a moment. But he was light of weight and Caleb was the strongest boy in the school.
"Keep cool, Denzil," he panted, as they struggled on.
"All right," was the response, "I understand."
It was literally a battle for life for both boys; for while Caleb could have saved himself by abandoning his friend, he never even thought of it. If ideas came slowly into poor Caleb's brain, they staid, once there. He had resolved to rescue Denzil and he would do it.
As the minutes went by the terrible strain began to tell upon Caleb's strength. In order to keep Denzil's head above the water he was swimming on his side, overhand, which, with Denzil's weight, forced his own head under at every stroke. Moreover, he was bleeding from a blow on the temple from a piece of passing wreck. Skillful and vigorous as he was, he felt himself growing very weak. Should he fail after all? Poor Denzil! It was like him to think only of his friend even at that terrible crisis.
But he would not fail! He set his teeth grimly and battled on. Denzil could hear his breath come in sobs and see the suffering in his wild eyes and drawn features.
"Oh, Caleb!" he cried, "you are killing yourself for me."
"It is—tough," came the gasping reply, "but I'll do it."
Those who watched them breathlessly from the bank above many times believed the boys lost, as the yellow waves rose over their heads and hid them from sight. But the next moment they would reappear, and the hope would be renewed in the anxious hearts of the spectators.
Poor, dull Caleb! They will never laugh at you again. Everything was forgotten in love and admiration for the gallant boy struggling for the life of his friend in the clutch of the flood. How they hung upon every stroke of that strong right arm! How they groaned and wept as they saw him growing weaker and weaker, moving slower and slower. Yet he still held on.
"One more stroke! Another! Hurrah! Saved—saved!"
Caleb heard the words as in a dream. He felt his feet touch the ground. Eager arms seized him. There was a wild, exultant cry. Some one called his name; then he knew no more.
When he came to himself again he found that he was lying upon the ground, his head supported upon Denzil's knee, while around him stood boys and girls, men and women, some shedding tears, and all talking together like crazy creatures.
"Caleb," said Denzil brokenly, "it is no use trying to say anything."
"Then don't," answered Caleb, smiling faintly. "It's all right."
"And I," cried Mollie, sobbing. "Oh, Caleb, I am so ashamed."
"Don't," said Caleb again. "It's all right."
When the flood subsided it was found that only the lower portion of the house had been damaged. The upper rooms were still habitable. At Denzil's request, the party remained at Mill Farm, and three days later an open air feast was given in honor of Caleb Orton, and every one there heartily agreed with Denzil when he concluded a neat little speech with the words:
"Caleb Orton, honest as gold, true as steel and brave as a lion."—Charles Lotin Hildreth in Philadelphia Press.

Apartment House Comradship.
Occasionally the community of interest which springs up among the tenants of an apartment house is very delightful. In one of those large structures up town lives a gay band of artists and musicians under the protecting care of a wise woman, who is the mother of two of them. Not long ago they decided to hold a musicale. The lady in the opposite apartment was the happy possessor of several very handsome palms, and, with neighborly intent, she offered them to give an added beauty to the rooms on the occasion. The offer was accepted and the floral treasures duly transferred.
About 10 o'clock the morning following the musicale a friend made an early call on the hostess of the evening before. Almost her first ejaculation was:
"How lovely you are here! Such a beautiful apartment, and what lovely palms! Aren't you fortunate?"
She had scarcely spoken when a rap sounded at the door, and the servant of the family opposite stepped in, saying:
"Mrs.—says if you have done with the palms I may take them back now."
The situation was comical, but was saved from awkwardness by the caller, who looked up, rolled her eyes mischievously and asked:
"When will the man come for the furniture?"—New York Times.

A Shrewd Tradesman.
Master Hobelmann was a man of no mean capacity, yet to see him busy in his workshop, any day of the week, no one would have suspected the extraordinary business qualities the man possessed.
"Master," his foreman said to him one day, "how is it you are giving away such expensive toolboxes as presents to the children of your wealthy customers? That must cost you a pile of money."
"Donkey!" The joiner said not another word. But he knew what he was about. In all the houses where the children had received boxes of joiner's tools for their presents, the busy little folk, on the very next day, set about sawing, boring, nailing up and planing all the furniture, until it presented a sorry sight, and Master Hobelmann had to be called in to repair the damages—a costly and tedious process. He made about a hundred per cent. out of those boxes.—Utk.

Animals Cannot Suffer as Humans Do.
Ascertained facts seem to show us that by the lower forms of animal life very little pain, as we understand the word, can be felt at all. Lobsters, for instance, will voluntarily deprive themselves of their claws if suddenly alarmed by some such sound as that caused by the firing of a heavy gun above them. A crab, seized while feeding by a greater and stronger, will continue its meal while being itself devoured. A fish, torn and mangled by the hook, will return in a moment or two to the bait, with its appetite unimpaired. A blindworm or a sand lizard, if unexpectedly seized, will snap its body in twain and glide away, none the worse for the mutilation, to reproduce the severed substance. It is hard, indeed, in cases such as these, to insist that pain, in our sense of the term, can be in any real degree endured.—London Sunday Magazine.

The Inventors of Stoves.
One of the first attempts at making a closed stove of iron was made by Cardinal Polignac in 1709, and seven years later an attempt was made to introduce stoves of this kind into England, but without success, owing to the prejudice of English people in favor of seeing their fire.
The Franklin stove was invented by Dr. Franklin in 1745, and a quarter of a century later, in 1771, and during a few years following, the discoverer of electricity invented several other stoves—one of which was invented for burning bituminous coal and which had a downward draft and consumed its own smoke.
Count Rumford was the next person to make an invention looking to the improvement of stoves, and during the ten years between 1785 and 1795 devised several improvements.—Philadelphia Press.

Little Originality in Dress.
There is very little originality in the world, after all," declares a well known dressmaker. "We ring the changes on the Louis XV style, the Louis XVI period, the Empire and Medici fashions, and so on without apparently being able of ourselves to inaugurate anything absolutely novel. Of course these epochs are followed with considerable variation and latitude, but it is true, nevertheless, that there is nothing decidedly original nowadays. We merely follow in dress what has gone before."—New York Tribune.

Wonders in Eyes and Muscles.
The microscope has revealed many wonders, among others that the common caterpillar has 4,000 muscles in his body, that the drone bee's eyes each contain 1,300 mirrors, and that the large, prominent eyes of the brilliant dragon flies are each furnished with 28,000 polished lenses.—St. Louis Republic.

As a fertilizer salt is very valuable.
Food would be insipid and tasteless without it.

LOVE'S PLEASURE HOUSE.
Love built for himself a Pleasure House—
A Pleasure House fair to see—
The roof was gold, and the walls thereof
Were delicate ivory.
Violet crystal the windows were.
All gleaming and fair to see—
Pillars of rose stained marble uprose
The house where men longed to be.
Violet, gold and white and rose,
The Pleasure House fair to see
Did show to all, and they gave Love thanks
For work of such mastery.
Love turned away from his Pleasure House
And stood by the salt, deep sea—
He looked therein, and he flung therein
Of his treasure the only key.
Now never a man till time be done
That Pleasure House fair to see
Shall fill with music and merriment
Or praise it on benediction.
—Philip Bourke Marston in New York Times.

A City of Homes.
I cannot force Minneapolis to challenge the world to produce her equal, but it seems to me that it will be difficult to find another influential trading and manufacturing city that is so peculiarly a city of homes. It was after riding over mile after mile of her streets and boulevards, and noting the thousands of separated cottages, each in its little garden, that I came to a locality wherein there were a few—a very few—apartment houses. They were not what we in New York call "tenement houses," for the poor seemed superior to the evil, and lived in their own tiny boxes; they were flat houses for families few in members and indolent by nature.
These were so very few that the array of dwellings took an extraordinary importance. Try, then, to fancy the pleasure and surprise with which I read in the city directory afterward a statement that the city's 164,738 inhabitants occupy 32,026 dwellings. If there were 921 more dwellings there would be one to every five persons, that is to say, one to each family.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Perfect Beauty is Rare.
The other day chance brought me in a prosaic electric car beside a girl whose profile was the most beautiful example of piquant delicacy and regularity possible to conceive. Glances were stolen at her from time to time, and the artistic spirit which animates even the average Bostonian had begun to boil with admiration when just at that moment she turned her front face, and the ideal vision melted into thin air. She was actually ordinary. A sculptor could have told what was the matter with the proportions, but it only proved to the layman's mind that this thing we call beauty exists merely in fractions, and the perfect whole is but a dream of genius after supping full on many models.—Boston Herald.

The Indian Likes "Canned Truck."
The California Indian is as a rule an epicure. True his forefathers feasted on acorn bread, dried grasshoppers, roasted angleworms, and even on occasion browsed on the succulent alfalfa, like their four footed intimates. But the modern Indian is not built that way. He has as keen an appreciation of the good things of the table as his white acquaintances. Like the old Arizona miner, his idea of heaven is a place where one can live on "canned truck" for an indefinite period, and wherever he swarms the merchants with whom he deals cater to this taste in every possible way. "Canned truck" of every kind is kept in quantity, and the gaudier the labels the better the sales.—San Francisco Chronicle.

When Dundas Was Shaved.
A story is told of Dundas, who, when being shaved at Edinburgh, suddenly felt the razor drawn across his throat, while the barber rushed from the room, exclaiming, "Take that, traitor!" Dundas put up his hand to feel for blood, but the crime had been committed with the back of the razor. On his appearance in the cabinet, after this story had doubtless reached his colleagues, Mr. Pitt inquired, "Are you quite sure your head is on your shoulders?"—Nineteenth Century.

The Etymology of "Empire."
When we have found out a new etymology, what is it but a new instance of the recovery of an old and forgotten predication? When, for example, we learned that "umpire" has dropped an initial n, and that the word represents non-par ("odd, single"), we find that the fact of his standing between two discordant parties as a single arbitrator was the predication of which this functionary was the subject.—Professor John Earle in Forum.

A Hint for the Flatterer.
"She rejected him, then?"
"Yes."
"He used to praise her beauty in glowing terms. I should think that would have made her fall in love with him."
"It made her fall in love with herself, and she hadn't had room for a thought about anybody else."—New York Press.

Heating by Electricity.
Electricians assert confidently that before long houses, offices and stores, street cars and railroad cars will be heated as well as lighted by electricity.—New York Journal.

The First English Judge's Salary.
The first record of a judge's salary gives £134 13s. 4d. as the stipend of Thomas Littleton, judge of the king's bench, 1166.—Notes and Queries.

AN OPEN LETTER.
To the Editor:—
A local druggist was urging a friend to try my favorite remedy, GERMIFUGE. He was met with a firm refusal. No, sir, I never use patent medicines; I have confidence in physicians yet. In that case you need not be offended, as Dr. Kelly is a graduate of medicine. This is the question I desire to set at rest. Over forty years ago I received a diploma from the Ohio Medical College of Cincinnati, and I can assure the public they will find safe and happy results from the use of my GERMIFUGE. Ten of the best years of my life was spent on it, together with the help of scientists. I have lived in Chicago twenty years; am 77 years old; and in perfect health, and by the use of my great germ destroying remedy (Germifuge) propose to round out the century mark.
Now, Mr. Editor, if an honorable career—both business and professional—of over fifty years count for anything, I am willing to stake it on my personal guarantee of the positive curative properties of my remedies, Germifuge and Bacillicide. Any one desiring to see me or write me can do so with perfect confidence and free of charge. However, full and complete directions accompany each bottle for such diseases as catarrh, lung, liver, kidney or stomach troubles, or blood and skin diseases. Out-of-town customers may order remedies by stating disease and enclosing \$1; it will be sent anywhere. Express paid by special arrangements with express companies. Respectfully,
D. KELLY, M.D.,
President Dr. Kelly Medicine Co.,
West Lake-st. and Oakley av.
Fuller & Fuller, Robt. Stevenson & Co., Morrison Plummer & Co., and Humiston, Keeling & Co., Peter Van Schaack & Sons, "The Sanitarians," Chicago, wholesale druggists, say they have sold Dr. Kelly's Germifuge in Chicago and shipped it to different parts of the country during the past year, and have yet to hear the first complaint regarding it. For sale by H. E. Donaldson.

Possibilities of Tree Planting.
Seventy-five years ago Thomas L. Walker, then a mere boy, planted four walnuts by the roadside opposite his father's house near Cedar Bluff, and some ten miles west of Knoxville. He died ten years ago, yet he lived to see four walnut trees grow to a measure of four feet in diameter, worth, if cut and properly seasoned, at least \$400 each. Had he planted 300 walnuts on an adjoining acre of ground his heirs when he died would have been \$120,000 better off. Today they would be \$200,000 better off. Had he planted ten acres they would be worth at least \$2,000,000.
Had he planted a hundred acres, and all the trees had reached an average of three feet in diameter, and there is no reason why they shouldn't, as the land is fertile and impregnated with lime, his heirs, and there are only three living, would be worth altogether \$200,000,000. If, like old Johnny Applesseed, who planted thousands of apple trees in the northwest, he had planted all the worn out fields in Tennessee in walnuts, it would be the richest state in the Union by far.—Knoxville Journal.

Stock Yards Pride Wounded.
Two men at the stockyards got into a heated discussion the other day over the law of supply and demand, and one of them said:
"There isn't any use in arguing with a man who doesn't understand the elementary principles. You don't even know what a syllogism is."
"I'll bet fifty dollars," replied the other, purple with rage, "that our packing house turns out more cans of 'em in one day than the one you're working in does in a month!"—Chicago Tribune.

Specimen Cases.
S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.
Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by H. E. Donaldson.

Now Try This.
It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a rough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing, and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense, and learn for yourself just how good a time it is. Trial bottles free at H. E. Donaldson's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. E. Donaldson.

YOU WANT WORK WE GUARANTEE IT.
Salary or commission to \$100 min. Fast selling Imported Specialties; also full line. GUARANTEED NURSERY STOCK. Stock falling to five replaced free. R. D. Luecht and Co., Rochester, N.Y.

BIG CUT Nursery - Stock!
—IN—
NORTHERN GROWN TREES
Cherry trees of all kinds, (5-foot trees) 25c.
Plum trees of all sorts 25c.
Apple trees of all sorts \$3 per Doz.
Corns of all varieties 25c. Each.
Evergreens of all sizes at Reasonable Prices.
ORNAMENTAL TREES
Elm, Maple (soft and hard); also Catalpas, all sizes, at Reasonable Prices.
GRAPE VINES OF ALL KINDS
at less than half price.
I have a nice line of young currant bushes for sale. Don't forget the place.
THOMAS ROBERTS,
307 Hennepin Avenue.

44 VICK'S SEEDS

"Brilliant" Poppy, packet.....	15c.	Garden Pea "Champion," packet.....	15c.
Beans, White and Dwarf, bush for 50c.		Peas, "American Wonder," per lb., 30c.	
Peas, Green Wonder, each 50c.	50c.	Pumpkins, our superb strain, look almost	50c.
6 Cans Green Wonder, 25c. a can, 1.50		Human packet.....	50c.
Sweet Corn "Golden Nugget," packet 50c.		Pumpkin, extra choice, packet.....	50c.

Any one not now a subscriber can have VICK'S MAGAZINE one year free, who orders \$1 worth from us before May 1st.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1892. One writer says: "Stands at head of parade in all flower catalogues." Every person interested in flowers or horticulture should have one. Price only ten cents, which may be deducted from first order.
A packet of 49-15. Out FREE with each order when ordered.

44 VICK'S SEEDS

THE Largest Assortment
— OF —
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND WAGONS
In the City,
— CONSISTING OF —
Two-Seated Surreys, Phaetons, Buggies and Road Wagons, Frazier Road Carts and Columbus Buggies.
I : MAKE : A : SPECIALTY
— OF —
Light Track and Team Harness
A FULL LINE OF
WHIPS, ROBES AND NETS. COLLARS ALWAYS IN STOCK.
All work warranted. Thanking you for past favors, I remain,
Yours Truly,
C. M. HUCUET.

Easter But a Few Days Off

And that is really a day we all look forward to. Let us remind you that to come out in entirely new spring attire would help make the occasion one long to be remembered.

If you contemplate buying

A NEW SPRING SUIT

buy it now.

If you contemplate buying

A New Spring Overcoat

buy it now.

If you contemplate buying

A NEW PAIR OF PANTS

buy them now.

If you contemplate buying

A NEW SPRING HAT

buy it now.

If you contemplate buying

FURNISHING GOODS

buy them now.

— WE CLAIM —

Unquestioned Superiority

— OF OUR —

CLOTHING

And the right to the claim is generally recognized as belonging to our House. The prices are absolutely the LOWEST, and critical inspection confirms all that we claim for our goods. If you appreciate nice selections and no old styles, it stands you in hand to make your purchases now.

The Plymouth One Price Clothiers

—GO TO—

C. C. GODFREY,

—FOR—

Candies, Nuts, Figs, Grapes and Oranges. He has the best assortment in Dixon and prices the lowest in town.

GROCERY!

The largest stock ever opened in Dixon. Call and see for yourself.

Fancy and Staple Groceries!

C. C. GODFREY

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

FURNITURE!

—THE—

Latest Styles

—ARRIVING DAILY—

COME AND SEE US

H. CAMP & SON.

GALENA STREET.

Another Shipment

New and complete line of the very latest styles of

Well Selected "Stock of Cloths"

Which will be made up in

FIRST CLASS TYLE

At Varied Prices.

Fair Overcoats at \$20 and Upwards, Suits and Pants, etc., in proportion.

Wedding Outfits A Specialty!

ED. CAHILL

No. 18 Galena Ave., up one flight

HELP FOR THE FAIR

A Government Loan Not Popular at Chicago.

LOCAL MANAGERS IN THE DUMPS.

Because Congressmen Are Shy of a National Appropriation—Report of the Washington Committee—A Loan or Nothing from Uncle Sam, Who Wants a Mortgage, Too—What Highbottom Thinks of the Matter—Progress at the Fair Site Noted.

CHICAGO, April 16.—The local directors of the World's fair are not just exactly pleased with the course of affairs at Washington. A week ago they sent a committee to the national capital to talk to the statesmen about help for the fair—cash help. The committee has made a proposition to give the national government a second mortgage on the gate receipts for a loan of \$5,000,000. The proposed receipts are estimated at \$10,000,000 at least, and a \$3,000,000 slice is held as a first mortgage. This would make Uncle Sam pretty safe, but the proposition was made, so it is claimed, without authority from the directors and they are not pleased.

Think They Have Done Their Best. Directors Frederick S. Winston and John J. P. Odell returned from Washington yesterday, confident that congress would grant the loan, and that they had done the best thing for the fair in abandoning the idea of getting an appropriation and working instead for the loan. Mr. Winston said: "We had been in Washington but a few hours before we learned that the appropriation bill could never be passed. To tell the plain truth, it didn't have any show at all. From members of congress whom we know are friendly to the fair, men who are anxious to help us in any way they can, we learned that the appropriation bill would surely fail."

They Wanted a Precedent. "Where is the precedent for such an appropriation?" The question was put a dozen times before we had been in Washington two hours. Mr. Baker was the special target for such questions. As soon as we became convinced, from contact with congressmen known to be anxious to help the fair, that the bill could never pass in the shape it had been sent to the committee, we changed front. We asked for a loan instead of for an appropriation of \$5,000,000.

Where's the Precedent for a Loan? "Immediately we made that change the skies were clear. Members of congress who had opposed the first bill assured us of support. The opposition was disarmed. Even members who were hostile to the exposition could not refuse to vote for such a measure. Congressman McGinnis, of this city, told me that we had acted wisely. Both the appropriations and the World's fair committee seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and we came away from Washington feeling confident that we had done the best thing possible for the fair."

Highbottom Gives His Views. Vice President Highbottom says emphatically that he does not believe a loan of \$5,000,000 will be accepted. He said: "I believe we cannot afford to accept the money under the conditions laid down by the bill. It would look as though the government really had no interest in the exposition and was merely lending its assistance, if such it could be called, on a purely financial basis. My idea would have been to stand by the appropriation bill until it failed, if it failed it did, and then go for the loan. Chicago as a city has certainly done her part for the fair. The government has done practically nothing."

SIX THOUSAND MEN AT WORK.

Heavy Construction on the Buildings About Completed—Progress.

More than 6,000 men were employed on the World's fair grounds every day this week. The heavy construction is about done, except on the manufactures, machinery and electricity buildings. There is some heavy work to be done on the domes of the Illinois and government buildings and on the iron decks of the battle ship. The fisheries, woman's, horticulture, transportation, mines and dairy buildings are completed. The interior finishing is progressing on all of them. The work of putting on exterior covering is in progress on every building on the ground except machinery hall.

Ornamenting the Grounds.

The landscape gardeners are busy and the territory around horticulture building, on the wooded island, through the Midway plaineau, is beginning to be suggestive of flower beds. Aside from the construction of the fifteen buildings, the miscellaneous work on the grounds grows in importance as the time advances. This includes the gardening, fence building, finishing of terrace walls, preparing the pile foundation of the grand fountain, the building of the electric subway, the new office building, the greenhouses, the propagating-houses and the cleaning works.

Work on the Battleship.

The battleship, which has been apparently sleeping for some weeks, has awakened, and is progressing rapidly. All of the long delayed ironwork of the deck has been received, and eighteen men are now punching the necessary holes for the placing of the gun beams. The framework of all the guns is on the grounds, and there are twelve of these—four forty-five feet and eight twenty-five feet. All of the steel construction work of the deck is now ready to place, and the armor plates have been placed on the hull from the water line to the line of the bulk deck.

Exhibition of Farm Products.

The agricultural exhibits will be immense. In Indiana the state exposition board has issued a circular securing gifts of premium articles exhibited at their fairs. In Wisconsin all products that are not perishable, taking premiums at county fairs, will be collected at Milwaukee. From these selections will be made. The Illinois state board has issued a prize list for productions shown at the state fair this year, and from these specimens will be chosen for exhibition at Chicago. Similar preparation is being made in all other states.

May Have a Tall Tower.

Engineer James S. Morrison has presented plans for a steel tower 100 feet higher than the Eiffel tower at Paris, and capitalists have agreed to go into the enterprise. Several large steel companies will be given a chance to review the drawings and, if they decide that it can be put up in time, officers of the fair may find space at Jackson park, or near the park, for the tower. The estimated cost of the structure is \$1,000,000.

THE RAUM INVESTIGATION.

A Candidate's Call Slips Taken Care of—Bussey Annoyed.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The first witness before the Enloe committee yesterday was Assistant Secretary Bussey who was annoyed at something Green B. Raum, Jr., had said about Engle in connection with Bussey. The latter warmly defended Engle. Then F. C. Peck testified to hearing G. B. Raum, Jr., call Engle over the telephone and when Engle had listened to what was said he told Peck that Raum had offered to help him get a promotion if he would loan him (Raum) \$50. W. E. Steff and other pension clerks testified that they were assigned to look after the call slips of Mr. Dunbar, of Indiana, who was the opponent of Cooper at the last election. The instructions were to reply to all the correspondence by the Tuesday before the election.

ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.

The Reading combine has put its car shop workmen on half time. A steam ferryboat at Pittsburg ran down a skiff and drowned its unknown occupant.

Severe laws adopted by the Russian government indicate that preparations are being made for war.

The New York assembly has passed a bill giving women the right of suffrage in all state elections.

At Cincinnati, a small-pox patient was removed from a train load of emigrants bound for Chicago.

Frank Fowlkes and Arthur Whitehurst, of Oakland, Ky., were drowned by the capsizing of their boat.

The bomb explosion at Mrs. Bloeker's, Hyde Park, Chicago, was the work of some "bums" out for a "lark."

Albert G. Porter, of Indianapolis, has received orders to return to Rome and resume his duties as minister to Italy.

Over 300 shots were exchanged between a crowd of drunken men and the troops at Coal Creek, Tenn., but no one was injured.

Three leading tailors in Lynn, Mass., have been arrested for forming suit clubs. They are charged with maintaining lottery schemes.

Allen Harrison, who murdered Bettie Adams because she would not marry him, will be hanged in Huntington, W. Va., July 1.

Albert Ziltman, of Johnstown, Pa., is under arrest for having killed Fritz Blombezuk, aged 80 years, by inhuman treatment.

Kennie Sherman, of Minnesota, is charged with being an accessory after the fact to the murder of Banker Meade, of Watpaca, Wis.

Rev. Father John Slattery, of Baltimore, has been commissioned by Cardinal Gibbons to form a new Roman Catholic order for work among the negroes.

John Warner was hanged at Tahlequah, I. T., for the cowardly assassination of George Dougherty. Rogers was hanged at Dallas for assaulting a child.

The relief steamer Indiana, which has just returned from Libau, Russia, brings many mementos from Russians as marks of their esteem and gratitude.

T. E. Gooding, of Hillsboro, Tex., is in a dying condition as a result of a beating by Albert Rogers, who unjustly charged Gooding with writing a certain newspaper article.

Mrs. John W. Noble, wife of a poor carpenter of Pittsfield, Mass., answered an advertisement asking for her whereabouts, and learned that she had fallen heir to a large fortune left by a bachelor uncle.

L. C. Payne Freer, better known as "Judge" Freer, one of Chicago's earliest pioneers, the brother of the late Dr. Joseph Warren Freer, and one of the wealthiest and most highly esteemed men in the city, died of blood-poisoning aged 79 years.

Garza Ought to Have Justice.

NEW YORK, April 16.—A special to The Herald from Washington says that Lawyer R. L. Summerlin, of San Antonio, Tex., is in the city and announces that he is seeking justice for the family of Garza, the alleged revolutionist, and for a good many others on the Texas border who claim that they have been maltreated by the United States troops under Captain John G. Bourke. Mr. Summerlin says he has over fifty affidavits with him charging the most wanton cruelty on the part of Captain Bourke.

Republicans of New Mexico.

SILVER CITY, N. M., April 16.—The territorial Republican convention was held in this city Thursday. Delegates to the national convention are: T. B. Catron, of Santa Fe; John D. Ball, of Grant; N. G. Sierra; J. A. Whitmore, of Socorro; T. Luna, of Van Horn, and M. A. Otero, of San Miguel. They are unopposed.

Quay Will Make a Speech.

HARRISBURG, April 16.—Senator Quay will address the Republican convention next Wednesday for the purpose of setting himself straight before the party and otherwise. He will be a delegate from Beaver county, and it is thought will speak to considerable length.

Was a Bombing Fake.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 16.—The story that a bomb factory had been found in the woods near Brockport is a fake. There were no bombs. There were two huts, built by boys for playhouses.

Democrats Elect a Senator.

PROVIDENCE, April 16.—The Democrats yesterday elected their candidate for state senator by a majority of twenty-seven. There is no election for the nine representatives balloted for.

Earthquake at Celina.

CELINA, O., April 16.—An earthquake shock was noticed here yesterday at 5:25 a. m. Buildings were shaken and in some cases window glass was broken.

The Weather We May Expect.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—The following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin—Generally fair weather, with possibly light showers in western portions of Illinois and Wisconsin; slightly warmer; southerly winds. For Iowa—Fair, warmer weather; southerly winds.

NEW YORK LIVE STOCK MARKET.

"NEW YORK, April 15. Cattle—Market active for all grades at an advance of 1c per 100 lbs. poorest to best native steers, \$7.50 to \$8.00; 100 lbs. bulls and dry cows, \$3.50 to \$4.00; sheep—Lamb, active and 4c per lb. higher; unshorn sheep, \$6.00 to \$6.50; shorn sheep, \$5.00 to \$5.50; hogs—Market firm; live hogs, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per 100 lbs.

Other Markets Closed.

CHICAGO, April 15.—Today being Good Friday all the grain markets were closed and there are no quotations.

It Contains no Poison.

This is the distinguishing mark of Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure. This is a greater thing to boast of than would at first appear to the reader unacquainted with what are called standard remedies. Most of these contain opium in some form or other, and consequently must be used with the greatest caution. In case, for instance, of a severe attack of croup, the mother is tortured by anxiety lest having rescued the child from disease it may fall a victim to the remedy. Nothing of this kind is to be feared with Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure. There is no danger from an over dose. When the malady is acute and the danger imminent. It may be given in as large doses as may be necessary to give relief. A whole bottle full can be taken if the case requires it, not only without danger, but with a positive benefit. This fact that it contains no poison tells strongly in favor of this popular medicine.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO.,
Peoria, Ill.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 Doses 25 cts. Samples Free, at Tillson & Hayden's.

Soft coal that burns as clear as wood is nice, and Pitcher sells it. dw

Don't Grunt

about your feet hurting you when Chrysos Corn Cure will cure corns, bunions, etc. Every bottle warranted at H. E. Donaldson's.

Admitted The Facts.

Newspaper editors have to be very careful in opening their columns for state ments. But aware that the Dr. Miles Medical Co., are responsible, we make room for the following testimonial from R. H. Douglass, Auburn, Ind., who for two years suffered a stoppage or skipping of the pulse, his left side got so tender he could not be on it, his heart fluttered, he was alarmed, went to different doctors, found no relief, but one bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure cured him. The elegant book, "New and Startling Facts," free at Tillson & Hayden's. It tells all about Heart and Nervous Diseases and many wonderful cures.

Cubeb Cough Cure—one minute

For a number of years I have been subject to violent attacks of inflammatory rheumatism which generally lasted about two months. On the first of this month I was attacked in the knee and suffered severely for two days, when I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it relieved me almost instantly. I therefore most cheerfully recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted anywhere. —R. D. WHITLEY, Martindale, N. C., Feb. 1888. Mr. Whitley is a very prominent man in this place and his disease was very widely known as he suffered much severe pain. W. H. Horton & Co., merchants Martindale, N. C. 50 cent bottles for sale by Tillson & Hayden, Druggists.

A Source of Annoyance.

Every man, woman or child who is afflicted with chilblains, frost bites, etc., knows well that it is worth a good deal to have a remedy at hand that will give speedy and immediate relief. Kraus's German Oil, the great German remedy, is worth its weight in gold for these torturing ailments. For sale by H. E. Donaldson.

Cause of Rheumatism.

The supreme importance of purifying the blood and restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, has been a subject of great study, the results of which have enabled us to present to the afflicted, Hildebrand's Rheumatic Syrup. By cures unprecedented, it has proven its right to the title of "The Greatest Rheumatic Remedy ever discovered."

How To Become Fleshly.

Dr. Miles' Nerve not only cures all nervous diseases, headache, blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, fits and hysteria, but also builds up the body. "I am pleased to say that after years of intense suffering with nervous disease, headache and prostration, I tried Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, and in two weeks gained eight pounds in weight. I could not lie down to sleep, but now sleep perfectly easy, and am still improving wonderfully. Cannot say enough for the Nerve."—MRS. L. B. MILLARD, Dunkirk, N. Y. "One customer used Nerve and gained fifteen pounds in flesh, says Brown & Maybury, Portland, N. Y." Trial bottles and elegant book free at Tillson & Hayden's.

From Kalamazoo.

NORMAN LIGHT, Des Moines, Iowa. Dear Sir—A box of Headache Capsules were handed to me and I have used them with perfect success. They cannot be recommended too highly. Could not possibly do without them in my house. I recommend them to sufferers with this common though terrible complaint. J. EXSING, Kalamazoo, Mich. For sale by H. E. Donaldson.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 135th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MOXIE

The great liver and blood purifier, is the best spring remedy; builds you up to a remarkable power of endurance without medicine. The following shows its restorative influence. F. A. Cheney writes: "Four years ago was an invalid from enlargement of the liver. Tried medicine to no purpose. Commanded to drink Moxie and it cured me, so I am able to do hard work with ease." F. A. CHENEY, 34 W. 12th Street, Chicago. AMELIA KUNGER, aged 13, had St. Vitus dance. Four years ago could not feed herself, or even speak. Physicians could do nothing for her. We gave her Moxie, and she rapidly recovered to good health. L. KUNGER, 226 Vine Street, Chicago. A Very Palatable Drink—Sold Everywhere. MOXIE CURES HEADACHE—Every family should keep Moxie. The genuine has Moxie blown in the bottle. Look out for worthless imitations. THE CHICAGO MOXIE NERVE FOOD CO., Chicago.

KIRK'S



SOAP

A LAUNDRY SOAP, PURE AND SANITARY

DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP.

HEALTHFUL, AGREEABLE, CLEANSING. Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHES

IT WILL NOT IF YOU TAKE KRAUSE'S Headache Capsules. \$500 Reward for any person who can furnish a substance found in these capsules. Perfectly harmless. Will cure any kind of headache. Money refunded if not as warranted. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Twenty-Five Cents. NORMAN LIGHTY, FAMILY CHEMIST, Des Moines, Iowa. For Sale by H. E. DONALDSON

OVERLAND EXCURSIONS

Personally Conducted. Select Parties Through Cars. Low Rates. LEAVE CHICAGO EVERY THURSDAY. For particulars address J. C. JUDSON & CO., 195 Clark St., Chicago.

"I say Jones where do you get your clothes, you have the nicest fitting suit in town." "Why I get them made by F. F. Dixon, the Knight is the boss cutter in the County he is Richard himself again. Since he moved down stairs he is always there; has an elegant line of all the new Styles and you bet there is no man in Chicago, Mendota or any where else who can make any more Stylish graceful and a perfect fitting clothes." enkins you need a suit and you better go straight down to the Knight he will make you a better suit than you can get anywhere else. Don't forget the place, No. 8 Main street and his real name is

F. F. DIXON,
"The Knight of the Shears"
First-st., Dixon, Ills.

THE NEW WINE.

Unfermented Grape Juice for INVALIDS and Sacramental purposes, \$7.50 per dozen quart bottles; \$3.50 per doz. pint bottles. I have also a heavy

Concord Grape and Port Wine, or \$2.00 per gallon, delivered to any part of the city. Orders through the post-office promptly attended to. P. O. box 774, or two doors south of the new school house, on Hennepin Street.

THOMAS ROBERTS.

W. C. CAMPBELL, Proprietor of THE LEADING HORSE SHOEING SHOP IN THE CITY. FANCY SHOEING A SPECIALTY

MEAT MARKET

Corner First and Peoria Sts. A. FRENZEL, PROP. The Best Meats the Market Affords, always on hand. TELEPHONE NO. 64.

ALEX TURNER,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. Repairing of all kinds will receive prompt attention. Galena St., south end of Bridge. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED BY
 B. F. SHAW PRINTING COMPANY.
 DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
 Entered at Dixon P. O. as second-class matter.
 TERMS:
 Per Week . . . 10 cts. Per Year . . . \$5.00.
 DELIVERED BY CARRIER.
 Telephone Number 5.

R. R. TIME TABLE.
 CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.
 No 1 Overland Limited 1:23 a m
 No 7 Pacific Express 2:36 a m
 No 11 Sterling Passenger 3:25 p m
 No 3 Omaha Express 3:55 p m
 No 9 Sterling Passenger 7:39 p m
 No 5 Denver Limited 8:22 p m
 No 35 Clinton Freight 8:42 a m
 TRAINS GOING EAST.
 No 8 Atlantic Express 8:25 a m
 No 6 Denver Limited 8:25 a m
 No 10 Sterling Passenger 9:16 a m
 No 2 Overland Limited 9:16 a m
 No 4 Chicago Express 10:59 a m
 No 13 Clinton Passenger 2:22 p m
 No 16 Freight 7:42 p m
 "A" Daily.
 "C" Daily except Sunday.
 F. L. MURRAY, Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.
 GOING SOUTH

Passenger 11:11 a m
 Passenger 3:35 a m
 Freight Passenger 6:25 a m
 LaSalle 6:10 p m
 Freight 8:00 p m
 GOING NORTH.
 Passenger 8:55 a m
 LaSalle Passenger 6:25 a m
 Passenger 8:25 p m
 Freight 6:30 p m
 Freight 9:30 a m
 "A" Daily except Sunday.
 "C" Daily except Monday.
 W. C. WOOLLEY, Ticket Agent.
 The trains at the North Dixon depot are five minutes later going north and that time earlier going south.
 C. G. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

STERN BRO'S, OPERA HOUSE
 —BLOCK—
 Easter Sale of Toilet Articles.

Prices unquestionably the lowest, as you can judge by the following quotations. Goods guaranteed first quality, and first class in every respect.
 I. M. Lundborg's celebrated triple extract perfumery, in the following well-known odors:
 Ocean Spray, Mary Stewart, New Mown Hay, Wild Olive, Lily of the Valley, Heliotrop, Musk, Goya Lily, Jockey Club, etc., choice, 25 cents per ounce.
 F. C. Niberg & Co's triple extract perfumery, same odors, 19 cents per ounce. Bring your bottles and have them filled.
 TOILET SOAPS,
 One Thousand Cakes—Lily Bouquet Glycerine Bouquet, Castile and Tar Soap, at 5 cents each.
 One Thousand Cakes at 9 and 10 cents.
 Cuticura Soap, 19 cents per cake.
 Pear's unscented soap, 13 cents.
 Pear's scented soap, 17 cents per cake.
 Buttermilk soap, 10 cents per cake.
 Chamomile skins at 10, 15 and 20 cents.
 Tooth brushes, genuine bristles, at 10, 15 and 25 cents. Full line of cloth and hair brushes.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

I am a candidate for Representative of the General Assembly, subject to the decision of the County Republican Convention.
 d&w W. I. GUFFIN.
 I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of State's attorney, subject to the action of the Lee County Republican convention.
 JAMES F. SANFORD.
 I am a candidate for the office of State Attorney, subject to the action of the Lee County Republican convention.
 d&w CLYDE SMITH.
 I am a candidate for re-election to the office of State's Attorney, subject to the action of the Lee County Republican Convention.
 d&w CHARLES B. MORRISON.
 I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Clerk, subject to the Lee County Republican convention.
 d&w IRA W. LEWIS.

WEATHER REPORT.

From science department N. I. N. S., for 24 hours ending at 2 o'clock to-day.
 Time 9:00 P.M. 7:00 A.M. 2:00 P.M.
 Temperature 38° 44° 50°
 *Maximum Temperature 59°
 *Minimum Temperature 37°
 *Precipitation 37°
 *Highest since 9 o'clock last night.
 *Lowest since 9 o'clock last night.
 *Rain or snow fall. Trace, less than .01 inch.
 A. O. CLARK, Observer.

Church Announcements.

Every young man in our city is cordially invited to attend the song and gospel service in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.
 PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
 Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. E. C. Sickels, Pastor.
 ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
 Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Regular services conducted by the pastor, at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor society at 6:30 p. m. Evening services at 7:30 p. m.
 ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
 First mass at 8 a. m. High mass at 10:30. Catechism for the children at 2:30 p. m. Sunday evening at 7:30 vespers and benediction of the blessed sacrament.
 METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
 Easter services at 10:30 and 7:30. Special music. Morning subject, "The Resurrection." Evening, "Immortality." Sabbath school, Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. The public welcome.
 ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.
 "Easter" Sunday. At 8 a. m. first celebration of the Holy Communion. 10:45 morning prayer and sermon followed by the second celebration of the Holy Communion. At 12:30 the children's service. At 1 p. m. evening prayer and sermon. Topic: "History of the Resurrection." Offerings at the morning service for the benefit of St. Luke's. Special music. All invited.

THE KICKERS' CORNER.

It Does The Kicker Good to Kick And it Don't Hurt Any One—Filed During the Week for the Grumblers' Corner.

SUNDAY AND THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:—I, a kicker, desire to make a kick in the Kicker's Column against the kickers concerning the proposal of many well meaning people to urge the managers of the World's Fair not to open that national institution on Sundays. When Christ and his disciples were charged with Sabbath breaking the Saviour made reply, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."
 It was a superstition regarding the Sabbath which Christ made an effort to reform, and that effort gave the Scribes and Pharisees the first pretext to "Counsel with the Herodians how they might destroy Him."
 A contest is now going on as to the propriety of opening the coming World's Fair at Chicago on Sundays. In this enlightened age it appears strange that there could spring up a man so illiberal, so despotic and oppressive as to propose that the grounds, parks and fields of that grand outlet for the toiling millions should be closed on the only day in all the week that the laboring man can visit them. Mr. and Mrs. Lofty ride to church in their carriage, out in the parks, through the fine groves, over the green fields of the country and can visit the Fair any day of the week, while the toiling mechanic has but the one day to himself for such places as the World's Fair, and the cruel bigot would deprive the laborer of this one day, his day for rest.
 It was this foolish superstition concerning one day being better than another that Christians remember that their Saviour's efforts to lift the people out of foolish prejudices, regarding one day in seven, was one of the leading causes of his sufferings on the cross—the charge of Sabbath breaking being one that most excited the cruel mob against Jesus, it is truly strange that old Hebrew prejudices should be clung to through all these enlightened ages.
 THE TELEGRAPH's kicker for freedom in thought would enter an earnest plea for the laboring classes; those who are called the down-trodden of earth; the man who goes early to his labor and returns late to his home; who sees his babies' wide open, laughing eyes only on the Sabbath day, the day alone on which he can go into the park or grove and breathe the pure air. "The Sabbath was made for man" and for his poor wife and children to gain a little respite from the foul air of the crowded tenement house, and to see all that they can see of the grandeur of nature. I believe in Sunday as a day of rest for the weary. Sunday is the God given holiday for the toiling millions. Those whose days all the year are a succession of holidays can well afford to say "close the zoological gardens, the museums and the World's Fair on Sunday" for fortune has given them all the days for their own; and their own luxurious home and velvety lawns can be enjoyed all the more on the Sabbath after their wearisome visits to the Fair during the week days, when those for whom we plead are bending over their toil, and it is to be hoped, looking forward to the coming holiday when they will have an opportunity to drink in knowledge and gain inspiration in that stupendous educational institution, the Columbian Exposition.
 No one proposes to open the Fair on Sunday for business purposes, trade or traffic of any sort, but the various associations calling themselves Christians, not satisfied with that, are insisting that the gates of this grand park shall be closed to "man or beast," and would, could these self-constituted keepers of the morals of the universe have their way, close it to the birds, were it not that
 "He that doth the ravens feed,
 Providently caters for the sparrows."

We Are Seven

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:—In the name of equal rights for all why were not the names of the "dear men" who voted at the Court House Saturday, published as well as those of the women.
 YOURS FOR FRANCHISE.
 ANSWER.—Well, for the simple reason that the men generally are hardly worthy of that distinguished consideration, while the ladies, blessed them, are always worthy of particular mention. Man at the polls is common in this republic. He is a common sort of a thing anyway as compared with the ladies. He hangs around elections as the fly sticks to a molasses jug, and, therefore, for THE TELEGRAPH to state that Tom, Dick or Harry had voted on a certain occasion would be to print a very stupid item. Tom, Dick, et al., vote on every occasion and vote often, while it was a new thing under the sun, the wise man to the contrary notwithstanding, for ladies to vote. Furthermore, there was a remarkable circumstance connected with that election. Seven has long been a magic number, even the Bible considers it as such, and strange as it may appear seven ladies voted at the school election.
 At the first election where the ladies voted the magic seven of the ancients, of the Scriptures made its appearance. We may say that the prophecy of the Prophet Isaiah (see IV 1) was literally fulfilled: "In that day seven women shall take hold of one man," and we may add, run him to office. He is a good man for the place, is neighbor Camp, and we rejoice that he was elected; and that may be considered by some people as another cause for wonder.

der. "Franchise," we fondly hope, may see that we have good reason for printing the names of the lady voters. The editor, you see, in these matters (here is a scripture again) is "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."
 An interesting Relic Of The Late Unpleasantness.
 (Amboy Journal.)
 During the spring of 1861 engineer C. H. Rosier, of this city, was at work for the Nashville & Chattanooga railway. The attempt was made to pass a secession ordinance in Tennessee, but it failed, and the question being submitted to the popular vote, Mr. Rosier was notified that he must appear at the polls and vote openly for secession or take the consequences. Upon his refusal to comply with the order he received a letter of which this is a copy:
 NASHVILLE, May 9, 1861.
 C. H. ROSIER, Esq.,
 N. & C. R. R.
 Having been informed that you are a resident of Illinois and your family are still living there it is natural to suppose that your interests and sympathies are there also, and all you desire is to get our money and then our blood, this I have been informed by good authority and shall accordingly act. Now I give you five days' notice from the receipt of this notice to pack your duds and leave the land of Davis for your beloved land of Lincoln or take the consequences whatever they may be by night or day.
 Very respectfully,
 ONE OF THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.
 Per Order.
 Mr. Rosier paid no attention to the threat, but held his ground as an employee of the road, and a pronounced Union man, and remained unmolested. The letter and envelope are curiosities, and Mr. Rosier keeps them as valuable mementoes of the troublesome times of 1861.

The following additional election returns have been made since the last issue of THE TELEGRAPH:

EAST GROVE.
 Wm. Anderson Supervisor.
 Thomas Gugerty Town Clerk.
 James Donovan Assessor.
 Albert Knuth Collector.
 Thomas McEvoy Com. Highway.
 Wm. Todd Constable.
 August Knuth Justice of Peace.
 James Donovan Justice of Peace.
 Chas. Finnegan School Trustee.
 MARION.
 Michael O'Malley Supervisor.
 Peter W. Campbell Town Clerk.
 Bernard McCaffrey Assessor.
 C. A. Fenstemaker Collector.
 Martin Whalen Com. Highway.
 James Canfield Constable.
 John Keenan Justice of Peace.
 E. J. Lally School Trustee.
 —O. H. Brown has purchased a lot in Parson's addition of Mary McBride, through the F. E. Wright agency.
 —The glitter and charm of romantic, not real life, are to be found in the stories that the publishers of Town Topics are sending out in book form under the title, "Tales from Town Topics." In the third number of the publication, which has just come to hand, the usual light and fascinating treatment of strange themes distinguishes the fiction that is presented, while the wit is as daring and the poems as excellent as any that have already sprung from the same fountain head. Town Topics, 21 West 23d street, New York.
 —George W. Curtis closes an editorial in "Taking an Observation" of the political situation, with the statement that Mr. Cleveland may yet be nominated by the democrats, but that would "not assure the electoral vote of New York," because it would not please Tammany. "On the other hand," says this great friend of Mr. Cleveland, "his defeat in convention would discourage the large and powerful body of democrats who see in Mr. Cleveland and his views and character the hope of the party. Another nomination would repel many independent voters, and more than anything else, make democratic defeat the probable result." So THE TELEGRAPH can imagine from the above quoted extracts that George William Curtis and other mugwumps may be compelled to take to the woods in the coming contest. This sees 'ard.
 —The Springfield Journal tells of a new kind of road bed which has been got up by W. W. Baird, of Normal. Stringers of four by six inch oak are laid on either side of the road bed and are clamped together by iron braces every six feet. A corner is sawed out of these stringers to receive an iron rail or truck of three inches wide and one-half inch thick with a half inch beveled edge to keep the wagons from running off the road bed. These are twenty-four feet long, with breaking joints in the center of each alternative stringer. The space between these stringers will be paved with brick, six and one-half of which will exactly fill the space. Only a single track is necessary and wagons can turn off and on at pleasure without inconvenience. This road can be built for \$4,000 a mile of the very best iron and wood materials, and, it is said, will last a generation with but little expense for repairs.

Township Treasurer's Annual Statement

Amount in Treasurer's hands due to districts at last statement, made April, 1894 \$2737 51
 Am't rec'd from all sources during the past year 4278 00
 Total of receipts \$7015 51
 Am't of payments made during year . . . 3671 90
 Balance due district April 4th, 1894 . . . \$3341 71
 Whole amount of town school fund . . . \$1164 48
 Amount loaned 1089 00
 Am't in Treas. hand, but spoken for . . \$ 375 43
 I hereby certify that the above statement is correct.
 ELLWOOD HUGHES,
 Treas. N. & C. R. R. Co., No. 2, 1892.
 Sworn and subscribed before me April 7, 1892.
 CHARLES H. HUGHES,
 Notary Public.

—A sidewalk is being laid on East Second street in front of the Trowbridge and Kennedy residences.
 Bargains in Pianos.
 One Schaff Bros. square grand.
 One Bradbury square grand.
 One Grovensteen & Fuller square grand.
 Each warranted for five years and sold on easy time payments. Call and see these bargains.
 DIXON MUSIC CO.
 6013 160 Galena Ave.

Wall paper and borders at actual cost all next week.
 Go to Deitz & Senneff's for ice cream—Wholesale and retail. Party orders promptly attended to. Dolan building, Galena Ave. 5711w

The Sherwin's-Williams paint is the best and cheapest made. Try it.

I have just added spring patterns of room moldings to my stock of furniture 63 Main street. 5913 C. H. KEYES.

This has been a wonderful week of business at Tillson & Hayden's.

Ice cream for Easter at Geo. K. Reynolds'.

Tillson & Hayden do not (intend) or (expect) to sell wall paper lower than any other Dixon dealer, because they have been, are now, and will continue to do so.

Garden Seed.
 A large line at 44-1m GEO. D. LAING'S.

Judging from the wagon loads of wall paper that daily leave Tillson & Hayden's we believe they are still the leaders in their line.

Leave orders for Dixon Ice Company's ice at Tillson & Hayden's or H. E. Donaldson's drug store. 4911

Tillson & Hayden are winners, they succeed in everything they undertake.

Ice cream Saturday at Geo. K. Reynolds'.

At the Palace To-night.
 Fried chicken and eggs served in all styles for Easter, under the Post Office. 6111 E. S. BAKER.

We live to eat and eat to live and must have table ware to eat from. I have the nicest dinner sets that ever stood on my shelves. They were bought to sell. 5913 C. H. KEYES.

I am now prepared to put up interior moldings or frame your pictures. 6114 C. H. KEYES.

Leave orders for ice cream for Sunday's dinners at Geo. K. Reynolds'.

I am now prepared to take orders for those \$16 custom made suits. Call and examine, select samples and leave your measure. Satisfaction guaranteed. 6116&7014w W. J. CARPENTER.

I have now a fine stock of interior moldings for rooms, and picture frame moldings at furniture store, 63 Main St. 6114 C. H. KEYES.

Hand painted Easter eggs 5 cents. 5913 C. A. LUCAS, 155 Galena Ave.

WANTED

GIRL to do general housework. 61-11 MRS. WM. BARGE.

THE DIXON MUSICAL CONSERVATORY

offers special inducements to those desiring a thorough musical education. Students are taught the same methods and have the advantage of concerts, lectures, etc., as are given in the leading schools of Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati. Also the following special
 FREE ADVANTAGES:
 Lessons in penmanship, elocution, letter writing, vocal music, sight reading and orchestral practice. A special course has been arranged for those desiring instructions on
 GUTAR, BANJO AND MANDOLIN
 EXPENSES—\$12 per term of twenty lessons in either of the following branches: Piano, Violin, Voice, Organ, Cornet, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Harp or Orchestral Instruments. For one lesson per week or a fraction of a term, 5 cents extra per lesson. Thorough course in harmony, \$4 per term. This students get twenty-five private, also fifty class lessons for \$14.
 For full particulars regarding course of study, graduations, recitals, etc., apply to
 W. F. STRONG, Director

FUNK & CO.

Successor to STEPHAN & WENGER,
 Keeps the very best grades of WINES AND LIQUORS
 at his saloon and restaurant, at the Old Stand, First Street.
 — 51 First Street. —



THE : FINEST : LINE

BABY - CARRIAGES

to be found in the city, at the LOWEST PRICES.

BICYCLES

Pneumatic Tires, \$120.

C. A. LUCAS

SHOES

Having filled up in sizes of ladies' and gent's shoes, I would say to those wanting anything in this line, you would do well to call on me before buying elsewhere. Also have sizes 3 and 3½ left of the J. B. Fargo stock, which I will sell for less than cost price.

J. A. YATES

First door East City National Bank.

Truman & Co

WALL PAPER

WINDOW SHADES

VARIETY

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES.

BEST PAINTS IN THE MARKET.

Baby - Carriages,

FINE LINE—CHEAP.

NEW STOCK

Fine Foot Wear

JUST ARRIVED.

LADIES, it will pay you to examine these fine shoes, stockings, and Oxford Lace before making your purchases elsewhere. With us from A to EE. We have some choice bargains for gentlemen, boy's youth's misses and children also. Call and see us.

Very Respectfully,

HALEY & DREW.

BARGAINS

Black Wool Dress Goods

LOOK AT THESE PRICES:
 46-inch Fine Serge per yard 79c
 46-inch Fine German Cord per yard . . 77c
 46-inch Bedford Cord per yard 75c
 46-inch Bedford stripe, fancy, per y'd 75c
 46-inch All-Wool Henrietta per yard . 75c
 All-Wool Serge, plain and fancy per . . 49c
 Also Spring jackets.

W. F. WEAVER,

— 51 First Street. —

Brubaker & Carpenter
 30 DAYS SPECIAL SALE OF
 Carpets - and - Mattings.

Be sure and get the right thing, TAKE NO OTHER — FOR SALE BY — Brubaker & Carpenter
 THE JACKSON FRONT THE JACKSON BACK

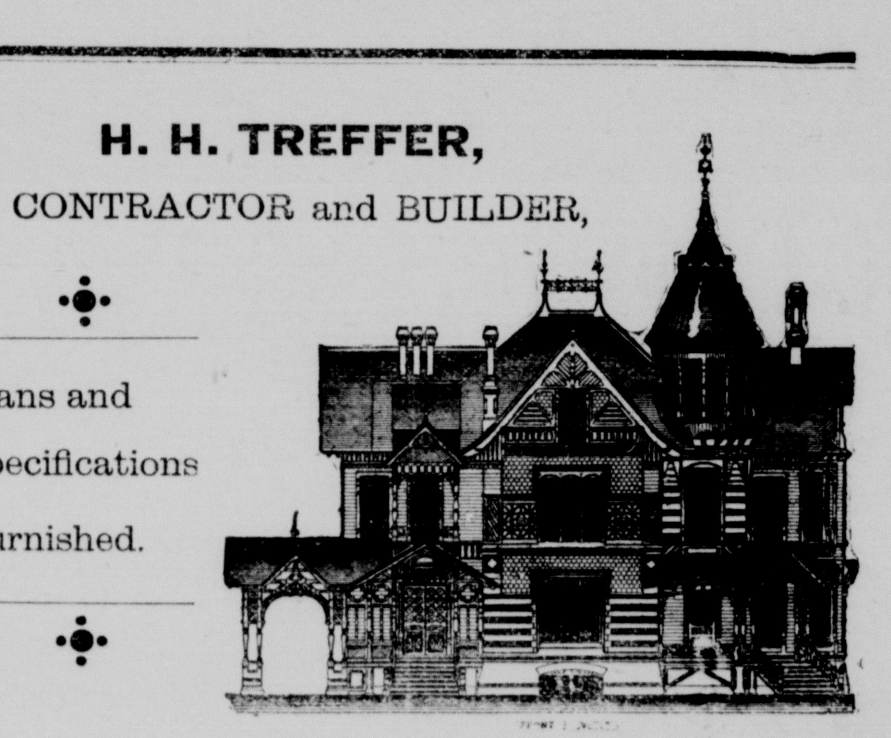
PONIES FOR SALE!

A pair of young ponies—safe, gentle drivers, single or double, for sale cheap. Also a second-hand Surrey, nearly new. A second-hand Spring Buggy. Set of double harness.

C. J. Rosbrook.

H. H. TREFFER,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,



Believe in Free Trade?

If you do, call at No. 5 First street, and be convinced of your error. I have just received from the well-known JAMESTOWN WORSTED MILLS (New York) a large invoice of Dress Goods.

NO OLD STOCK

RUN : OFF.

Look us up. 63 Main Street. C. A. BALLOU Dixon, Ill.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

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